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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1896.

OH, POOR OPHELIA!

The old old story of love, trust and perfidy is told in dispatches from Florida with pitifully tragic variations. A month back poor Laura Nagle, daughter of a wealthy father, who lives near Palatka, stood brave in bridal garments, awaiting a bridegroom who did not come. Instead, he sent word that he had that very day married another woman. Miss Nagle bore up wonderfully, every one said. She was quietly self-possessed, aided in dismissing the guests, and otherwise behaved with a most admirable calmness.

Perhaps the strain was too much for her brain; perhaps, also, heartbreak had something to do with it. Whatever the cause, that night she left home, taking her bridal array, and skillfully hiding her trail. Fearing suicide, her family sought her everywhere, and ended by searching the swamps; but without immediate avail. It was all of three weeks before the girl was found, utterly mad, almost naked, and near death from hunger and the attacks of insects. But she hugged still the ragged remnants of what had been her bridal gown. It lay across her arm when she was found upon the banks of a small clear stream at some distance from her home. Looking into the water she would cry frenziedly: "Was I not pretty enough for him?" She fought her rescuers with maniac fury—nor is it likely she will ever regain reason.

Meantime her lover is almost at the end of his honeymoon.

A BICYCLE WEDDING.

PRETTY shortly the bicycle will be a new Alexander weeping for more worlds to conquer. Already, like love, it "rules the court, the camp, the grove." Bicycle teas, bicycle sermons, bicycle picnics, bicycle what-nots are thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa; but the end is not yet. The East must yield the palm to the "cotton velvet West," or rather the Southwest; it happened in "Jackson's Purchase," the thing which caps the climax.

Andrew Jackson was beyond doubt a very great man, yet it is a question if ever he did a better deed than in acquiring from Indian owners the long strip of rich country upon the Mississippi's easterly bank, known colloquially by his name to this day. It makes up Northern Mississippi, West Tennessee and Western Kentucky. It was in the latter State, at Fulton, some little way from the city of Paducah, that there came off the first bicycle wedding on record.

The high contracting parties, one Mr. Willingham and his sweetheart, Miss Powers, in company with bridesmaid and best man, mounted their wheels and rode away to hunt a minister and happiness. It is not told what induced a proceeding so unusual—whether the elder Powers that were, looked coldly upon the suitor, or whether the young people merely wanted to have the thing done in true end-of-the-century style.

Whatever the cause, the effect was the same. They found an obliging minister, the Rev. Mr. Collins, who was ready enough to tie the knot, though personally he did not know a sprocket from a name-plate. It is likely, also, that he had never heard of a bicycle built for two, though he had before him this concrete example of two wheels that had been rolling as one.

Though just a wee bit nervous he made the twain one in hollow style. Then bride and bridesmaid tightened their belts, while the gentlemen of the party again put on the ankle-clips they had laid aside in honor of the ceremony. Then up and away, at the best pace of their steel steeds. The time-honored marriage bell was not a circumstance to the tintinnabulation of their bicycle bells as home they sped. Perhaps their happiness was broadened with the thought they had added something to the gayety of nations, when in the picturesque words of the local chronicler, they as a "Pennyrile couple" followed the example of the man who wrote Daisy Bell, and rode into fame and matrimony on the bicycle.

Health, happiness and long life to the brave iconoclasts who at one fell swoop have thus escaped the plagues of rice, old shoes, weeping mothers and wedding gifts. They deserve a votive statue—like other liberators. No doubt their example will still further boom the booming wheel. May their united lives roll as smoothly as the best pneumatic tire that ever came out of a shop.

A STORY OF STRANGE SIN.

THOSE gentlemen—the realists, so-called—are continually put out of court by every-day happenings. It is only ultra-romanticists whose imaginings touch the borders of the actual. Witness this tale from Bridgeport, Conn., which has every element of the most thrilling romance.

Just outside that good town, say the dispatches, there has stood for long a big old farmhouse, tenantless and desolate. Under the circumstances it was perfectly natural that it should get the name of a haunted house. Children passed it on the run, with chills playing up and down the back, and heads turned fearfully over the shoulder. Grown-up folk also, though by daylight they laughed to scorn childish tales of eldritch sights and sounds there, took pains to go round about rather than pass it in the dark, unless they had some mighty pressing need of haste.

Lately a young farmer felt this pressing need. He was bound to his sweetheart's house, and already half an hour late. So he went along in front of the uncanny spot, and was not a little astonished to meet just in front of it two men, and a young and pretty woman—strangers all, well-dressed and well-looking. After passing them he looked back and saw them enter the haunted house. The men were evidently urging the woman to enter, but he heard no outcry. A little way beyond he met a third man, who asked if he had seen the other three, and, upon hearing that he had, at once hurried after them.

About twelve o'clock that night the young farmer, riding home, came face to face with the third man, just in front of the haunted house. "Go in there—murder has been done," said the stranger, then vanished in the roadside tangle. The man he had spoken to got help and searched the house. For some time nothing was discovered. The searchers had about concluded they were victims of a practical joke when one of them stumbled over something, which the flame of a match showed to be a woman's body, beaten, bruised and bleeding, and to their excited gaze still showing faint signs of life.

They ran away for further help, leaving it alone. When they got back with lanterns and a stretcher it had disappeared. Vanished is perhaps the better word, as there was no trace of the manner in which it had been taken away. But there was in plenty indisputable evidence of a fierce and deadly struggle. Hence the conclusion that the murderers were in hiding when the searchers discovered the body, and in some manner made way with it, lest it afford a clue to their detection. But in the annals of romantic crime there are few happenings which more nearly supply a tragedy ready made.

MY LADY'S CABBAGES.

SOCIETY women are not always frivolous. Though many of them are more anxious to make occasions wherein they may shine than to help the charities—so-called—which are their pets, there are so many shining examples of the other sort as to make the self-seekers exceptional rather than typical. This by way of proem to the tale of an extraordinary market. It is set up at Bay Ridge, upon the Long Island coast, and will do business on Friday afternoons, all through the summer. The occasion of it is Bay Ridge's need of a library; the cause, the executive enthusiasm of Bay Ridge's fashionable folk.

How to help the town to a library those ladies deeply pondered. They were sick of tableaux; fairs meant extortion, and pious gambling in the shape of grab-bags and raffles; circuses of the amateur sort were beyond them—but a market was easily within compass. Each and several of the social leaders had teeming gardens; they even vied with each other in the excellence thereof. The gardens gave a surplus, which their owners would

be loth to sell—except, of course, in the name and for the sake of sweet charity.

So a market it is—at strictly market prices, with the fair patronesses as saleswomen. So far business has been surprisingly brisk, and no buyer has been heard to find fault. For everything is of first quality, and deliciously fresh. In the end, those who lack wherewithal to buy are considered. All green stuff unsold at seven o'clock is distributed among the needy of the village.

A DIVIDED LOYALTY.

A RATHER mixed condition of affairs is that in which C. F. Sapp, the State president for Kentucky of the A.P.A., has got entangled through his loyalty to Major McKinley, against whom his Association is pledged. President Sapp, it appears, was a regular delegate to the National Republican Convention, and went with his delegation under McKinley instructions. The National Advisory Board of the A.P.A. had decided against McKinley, and it appears that as an oath-bound member of that society Delegate and President Sapp was bound to oppose him. But he did not, but went to St. Louis and voted with his delegation. For this he has been placed on trial on charges of treason to the order, and an effort will be made to depose him and probably expel him from the Association. And this is in America, the boasted home of liberty of conscience, where all men are supposed to be equal before the law. We shall await the outcome of the investigation with interest for the sake of the principle involved. Can we proscribe a National Convention delegate, as well as one of Black International?

AN APPEAL.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL in England, that grand old building (with which are associated the names of Augustine and Thomas à Becket), now thirteen centuries old, has fallen into decay and a national appeal has been made by Dean Farrar for funds to arrest the destruction which has set in. The crypt, the largest and loveliest in England, has long been neglected and is greatly disfigured. The cloisters, once so memorably rich and beautiful, are perishing under the slow ravages of wind and weather. The chapter-house is in a melancholy state of dilapidation. It is said that at least twenty thousand pounds is required for what is absolutely necessary to make the cathedral secure for another century. Half of this sum has been raised already by private exertions, and the fact that her Majesty the Queen, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and three living Premiers and ex-Premiers of England are among the contributors is relied upon to prove that this is regarded as a national work. For the remaining ten thousand pounds the Dean and chapter rely on the generosity and patriotism of the English race. Kent was the first English Christian kingdom. Canterbury was the first Christian English city. At Canterbury was founded the first Christian English school and in its cathedral was placed the first English organ.

HIS OWN FUNERAL.

THE Ohio man does not lack originality. He can do other things than run for President and hustle for office. There has long been a slanting suspicion of that fact in the public mind. It remained, however, for Mr. Lorenzo Dow McKinney to devise a manifestation absolutely unique. Upon this continent, that is, His Majesty Charles V. of Spain undertook something like it several hundred years ago.

Mr. McKinney may have got a mental cant with his name. The famous Lorenzo Dow was much in the habit of doing surprising things. However that may be, his namesake, who has just turned eighty, had for years declared his intention of hearing his own funeral sermon—if only he lived long enough. Paradoxical as this sounds, it was truth. Mr. McKinney had made up his mind that a man ought to be dead at eighty—even if he was not. So when he found himself nearing that mile-post in Time's road he made ready to keep his word.

He lives near Portsmouth, O., a region where the Christian Church—otherwise called Campbellite, from its founder, Alexander Campbell—is a power in the land. Brother Evans of that denomination was chosen to preach the sermon, and it was to be preached at a small country church, upon June 21, as that was Mr. McKinney's birthday. It soon became apparent that no church would hold the crowd that was coming, so seats and a platform were put up in the grove; and there between five and seven thousand persons gathered to hear a sermon from the text, "The time of my departure is at hand."

It was a mighty fine sermon—the scoffers even admit that. In course of it the minister dwelt feelingly upon the many virtues of his subject—his charity, his open hand to all in need, his truth, probity and justice. This must have been exceedingly gratifying to the corpse *pro tem*. Mr. McKinney was on the platform directly back of his eulogist, and had walked there surrounded by eight of his most elderly friends—the men who, at an ordinary funeral, would have been pallbearers. To make the occasion yet more unique the

man who raised the tunes was blind and half palsied with age, though we are asked to believe that his voice was young and rich as ever.

All said and done, it must have been a great time after service—which wound up with people sobbing all about, and the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee"—the whole assemblage was asked to come forward and "view the remains," which it did by marching up to shake hands with the lively corpse. When that was over Mr. McKinney went home, ate a hearty dinner, rested and smoked a bit, then wound up the day by fiddling vigorously while an elect few danced "horn-pipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels," with a cotillon or two thrown in for good measure. Though he is hale and hearty, and has apparently years ahead of him, he declares that henceforth he is "as good as dead," and will live in strict retirement until he is actually buried.

A DISEASED AMBITION.

THE death is announced of President Wyckoff of the New Amsterdam Bank of New York, who was shot by 'Assassin George H. Semple after refusing to give him six thousand dollars that he demanded. Semple was driven to his mad act by the fact that he needed the money to carry out an impossible social ambition. He married a woman accustomed to the luxuries of life and expected to be able to provide properly for her. His failure to do so worked upon his mind, and in a state of frenzy at his financial troubles he attempted the holding up of President Wyckoff. This is one of the new kind of crimes that our peculiar civilization is developing. It is due to the disease of wanting to live beyond their means, from which so many people at the present day are suffering.

THE SILK WEAVERS.

THE situation among the silk weavers of Paterson, N. J., is believed to be such that a fall of wages is inevitable. The manufacturers claim that they are unable to pay the present scale of prices owing to dull times and the uncertainty of tariff changes.

The situation in Paterson, so far as the silk-weaving industry is concerned, has changed wonderfully in the past few years. While the manufacturers have been steadily pushing their plans ahead to secure the advantage at all points along the line, the employees have allowed their union to gradually become weakened by these encroachments. Five years ago the Weavers' and Loom-fixers' Unions had control of the situation in Paterson. Their power was at least equal to that of the Manufacturers' Association. An instance illustrative of this occurred at an election some time ago. A prominent silk manufacturer named Dougherty was running for Congress and had made himself a favorite with the labor party, owing to a very liberal-minded paper which he had written on the subject of strikes. In order to make sure of his election, Dougherty had posted his brother manufacturers with a view to having them influence their employees as much as possible in his favor. The owner of the largest mill in town issued a circular to his "help," in which he suggested that it was their duty to vote for Dougherty. The effect of this circular was unmistakable. The president of one of the silk-workers organizations, who was eager for the election of Dougherty, called on the mill-owner and told him that his blunder would cost his friend the election, as the slightest attempt at dictation on the part of the bosses was sure to bring about the opposite result to that desired. His prediction was verified. Dougherty was defeated by an overwhelming majority, and all on account of the circular.

Yet this same mill-owner was on the best of terms with his employees. Connected with his mill was a large gymnasium, bowling alleys, billiard, reading and smoking-rooms for the use of all "help" connected with the mill, and himself and sons were usually to be found on most week-day evenings taking part in whatever was going on and mingling freely with the men. The executive officers of this institution have generally been chosen out of courtesy from the mill-owners' own family and that of his partner. An idea existed that things were not run just as they should be and that a change would be desirable. So at the next meeting for the election of officers the employees' candidates were wiped out and every person elected was a workingman.

When a new schedule of prices for piece work is going to be submitted to the bosses, it is previously discussed among the silk-workers themselves. The first step taken in the matter is to draw up a proposed schedule for the various kinds of work in the different mills. Copies of this preliminary schedule are mailed to every worker in the departments with which it is proposed to deal. These schedules are mailed direct to the mills, and the bosses of course know what their meaning is. Each worker is requested to submit his or her views with regard to the proposition and to suggest whatever they think fit. There are meetings for discussing the subject at the rooms of the silk-workers and loom-fixers, and spinners associations, and finally a table is decided upon to be placed before the manufacturers.

A majority of the large silk manufacturers of Paterson have erected annexes to their mills in Pennsylvania, and it is thought that ultimately the seat of the industry will be located in that State. The reasons for this are: cheaper labor, cheaper coal, and the liberal inducements

made to them in the shape of free grants of land on which to erect their mills, made by the various town corporations in order to get them to build there. The cheap labor is furnished by the wives and children of the miners who will work for almost anything to earn a trifle and thus help out the family expenses. The work at present done in these annexes is of a lower grade than that done at Paterson, as is also the work done in the Eastern mills, so that little notice has been taken of the low schedule of wages paid there by the executive committee of the silk-workers organizations; but they threaten, in case competition becomes too troublesome, to organize the Pennsylvania workers and bring them into line with the rest of the trade.

There was probably no industry better organized in the world than the silk weavers of this country, and the result has been few strikes and good wages. Mill girls in Paterson used to earn from six to twelve dollars a week, and were considerably better off than the average storelady who often has to work for three and is expected to live in better style and dress better than the "operative." So well-ordered were these trade organizations that if a worker lost his employment he was not allowed to look for another position. He notified the secretary of the society and remained at home until he was sent for, which was when the next vacancy occurred in any of the mills. He was then told what wages the former occupant of the position received and dared not go to work on any different basis.

A PROTECTIONIST CHALLENGE.

THERE is an excellent chance for some clever champion of free trade to compete for the sum of five thousand dollars offered by an English nobleman, Lord Masham, to the Cobden Club of London, if any member is able to prove the superiority of free trade over protection. The Club is unwilling, or possibly unable, to take up the gauntlet, loftily declaring that free trade superiority is so complete and self-evident that any discussion on the respective merits of the two systems would be superfluous. As Lord Masham is willing to meet all comers, there is an excellent chance offered for some smart free trader to go in and mash him.

DIPLOMATIC ETIQUETTE AT FAULT.

Does not Shakespeare tell us somewhere that

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow?"

The French diplomatic service appears to have fallen on gloomy times, if the mishaps which are befalling her representatives at some of the European Courts are an evidence. Only a short time since Minister Herbet was constrained to quit Berlin in consequence of the strained relations existing between the Emperor and himself. And almost on the "heels" of this diplomatic *contretemps* comes the intelligence that Count Montebelle, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, shocked Court etiquette, on the occasion of the recent coronation festivities, by shaking the hand of the Czarina when congratulating her instead of kissing it. The Czarina was so offended that at the ball at the French Embassy she refused, during one of the dances, to allow the Count to touch her hand. Count Montebelle states his action was in accordance with his letter of instructions from which he could not depart. Is it possible that France, once the most polite Court in Europe, will have to brush up her code of diplomatic service instruction in order to save her representatives from embarrassments they cannot now avoid?

A FALL FROM GRACE.

IT is not often that our eyes are pained by the sight of a glaring grammatical error in the classic columns of the *London Spectator*. The force of the shock may be imagined, therefore, when we met in the course of a book review in the issue of June 13 the startling expression "the most melodramatic of the two." What can this mean? Where was Mr. Spectator's guardian angel when he penned that line? We have hesitated to speak about it, lest we be laboring under an hallucination; we have doubted the testimony of our own senses—but to no purpose. Truth it is, and the truth must be told. We have rubbed our eyes and looked and read again, hoping against hope that we were in error; but still without avail. The cold, unsympathetic type impress refuses to change a whit, and we must perforce accept the situation. The "most melodramatic of the two": *O tempora! O mores!*

BRITISH SYMPATHIES.

THAT the hopes and fears of Englishmen and those who favor British interests in this country are deeply stirred by the events of the Presidential campaign which has just opened is evident from the comments of the English press on the respective nominations of the two great parties and the sentiments expressed, or to be expressed, in their respective platforms. It is not difficult to determine where and in whom these hopes and fears are centered. The following paragraph from the *Spectator*, published prior to the nomination of Mr. McKinley, is significant:

"It is now considered certain that the Republican Convention will nominate Mr. McKinley as the candi-

date of the party for the Presidential election. He has a majority among the delegates of a hundred. This means that the party intends, if victorious, to establish a high protective tariff. It is also probable that the Republican leaders will accept a programme which, while civil to silver, will leave gold practically the only standard. The Democratic Convention, on the other hand, though doubtful as to its candidate, will, it is believed, decide that silver must be freely coined at a ratio of 16 to 1 of gold. As between the parties, no one professes to have a fixed opinion on the result, for the pivot of the election will be the currency, and the cross-voting will exceed all precedent. The latest accounts represent the hopes of the gold men as reviving, but it must be remembered that English opinion is mainly guided by men who sympathize with the leaders of the Eastern States."

THE CRETAN DIFFICULTY.

THE question of the European attitude in regard to Crete seems to be as troublesome as the Cuban question here at home. The *Saturday Review* referring to it in a recent issue says:

"The question of what Europe will do about Crete remains as obscure as it was two weeks ago. The correspondents at Athens collect formidable budgets of exciting tales from Crete, but they seem unable to learn anything of the political situation in the Greek capital itself. We get no hint from them whether the Franco-Russian or the Anglo-Austrian combination is supposed to be more influential with King George and his advisers, or as to which group the Greeks would prefer to work with. There is instead much fatuous talk about the European Concert—which is more of a myth now, if possible, than it was at Constantinople eight months ago. Even if the Powers did agree to do nothing to hamper the Sultan in his task of 'restoring order,' which is all that the Concert did for the Armenians, the Cretans are not Armenians, and the Greek King could not keep the crown for either himself or his son if he persisted in inaction after his subjects had become sufficiently fired by tales of bloodshed and rapine in Crete."

PENALTY FOR A STOLEN KISS.

HAS it not been from time immemorial a cardinal principle of faith among the admirers of ruby lips that "stolen kisses are the sweetest"? They hold a different doctrine on the subject in Pennsylvania, evidently, if the results which came to Chris Kautarian of Pittsburg recently afford any criterion. Chris, of Thirteenth Street, saw Mrs. Marnel, of Pike Street (both streets in the Smoky City), and was so entranced by the vision of beauty that greeted his eyes that he threw his arms around her, imprinted a burning kiss on her lips, and—fled. Aldermanic justice was promptly appealed to, and Chris had the alternative presented to him of having either to go to jail or leave the city so as to be as far as possible removed from the temptation to which he had already once yielded. He accepted the latter alternative, paid the costs, packed his valise, and, accompanied by the Constable as far as the depot, left for New York.

The people in the neighborhood are laying even bets that inside of four weeks Chris will be back in the forbidden locality. If they are correct he will probably in the future abide by the rule that "kissing goes by favor."

A QUESTION OF PIE.

THERE is no denying the fact that pie is a wonderful factor in relation to the food question in this community. Who is it among the toilers that has not a desire, if not a craving, for pie when it becomes necessary to attend to the wants of the inner man or woman? And have we not abundant evidence of the general appetite in this direction in the large fortunes made in dispensing pies to the multitude? The Clark Thread Company of Newark, N. J., has now an experience in the opposite direction, and has just discovered that the avowed absence of pie, with its attendant cake, has in their case demonstrated the truth of the poet's words, that

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

The firm last year conceived the idea of starting a cheap restaurant for the benefit of their girl operators mainly, but for their employees generally. Cake and pie were not supplied, however; but there was abundance of wholesome, nourishing food. But the experiment has proved a failure. Those for whose benefit it was inaugurated have rejected it, and the enterprise has been consequently abandoned. This incident, therefore, may be accepted as settling the question of the supremacy of pie.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

OUR humorous little friend, *Life*, is inimitable. A certain recent event of international importance to those interested in things social is treated in the following pithy paragraph:

"It is pleasant to notice that the royal family of Great Britain is beginning to get into our Mr. Waldorf Astor's set."

TWO GREAT RACES.

The two great events in the racing world of America and England have but recently taken place and are illustrated in this issue. It has already been told how the Prince of Wales's horse Persimmon won the Derby in England to the intense and noisy joy of the loyal Britisher, who dearly loves a prince. Tuesday of last week the Suburban Handicap, which is to American racing fraternity what the Derby is to their English brothers, was run at Sheepshead Bay. Nearly twenty thousand people assembled to see Henry of Navarre win the thirteenth Suburban, and the enthusiasm was indescribable when Griffin brought him first under the wire.

PRESIDENT LOW AND THE PRINTERS.

President Seth Low of Columbia University, who has been acting as arbitrator of the differences between the New York Typothete, composed of the employing printers, and Typographical Union No. 6, has been delayed in his labors. The representatives of "Big Six" on the joint committee have presented new grievances. The representatives of the New York Typothete on the committee then concluded that they should have a hearing, and last week B. W. Green sent another brief to Mr. Low, giving the employers' ideas on the new matters which have come up in the dispute.

"Big Six" now thinks of also sending another brief to Mr. Low. The latter intended to sail for Europe on July 1, and was anxious to have the matter settled before he left the city.

THE "METEOR."

We present this week an illustration of the German Emperor's yacht, "Meteor," which, it was said a short time ago, would compete this year for the America cup. The yacht was designed by G. L. Watson, who has designed most of the big English yachts during the last decade. The first English racing yacht in the larger classes which attracted public attention to Mr. Watson was the "Thistle," which was built by a Scotch syndicate to compete for the America cup. This vessel was brought over to this country and Watson steered her in the contests against the "Volunteer." Although she did well, our American cutter was too good for her, and she was taken back to England and afterward sailed in the coast regattas. Ultimately the German Emperor, who was on the lookout for an English-built racing yacht, purchased her, and under the name of the "Meteor" sailed her both in England and in Germany.



THE KAISER'S YACHT, "METEOR," TAKING THE LEAD IN THE NORE-TO-DOVER RACE.

Mr. Watson also designed the three "Valkyries," and the "Britannia," the Prince of Wales's boat. The "Britannia," which has been the most successful of these, has been out sailed by the new "Meteor," which recently made her debut at the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta. Since then the new Watson cutter has again defeated the old; and, say her admirers, if she can win so easily now, what will she do later on?

Like the first "Meteor" and the other boats above enumerated, she was built by D. and W. Henderson &

Co. at their yard at Meadowside, and it should be mentioned that she was constructed in the wonderful short period of three months and three days. So many inaccurate statements as to her dimensions have been put forward, that it may be as well to give them accurately. Her length on the low-water line is 89 feet 6 inches, extreme breadth 24 feet 3 inches, and her sail area about 12,000 square feet. Her bow is made of steel, and her mast, bowsprit and gaff of Oregon pine. The fine set of racing sails with which she has been provided were made by Ratsey & Laphorne of Cowes.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL.

The procession of the Mahmal takes place on the departure of the pilgrims' caravan from Cairo. The Mahmal itself is a square wooden frame with pyramidal top, covered with red cloth, richly embroidered with gold. It represents the litter of Fatmah Shegeret-ed-Door, the wife of El-Melek es-Saleh, of the house of Ayoob, who caused herself to be proclaimed Queen of Egypt in 1250, and who performed a pilgrimage. The Mahmal accompanies pilgrims annually to Mecca, and great reverence is paid to it. The procession passes through the streets of Cairo from the open square below the citadel to the Bab-en-Nasr. It is headed by detachments of cavalry and infantry. Then follow numerous Dervishes, some bearing banners of various colors, some beating kettledrums, and others carrying incense. When the new Kiswah or covering for the Kaabeh at Mecca is carried from Cairo on the way to Mecca a grand procession is formed, and the Mahmal is a conspicuous object in it. The return to Cairo of the pilgrims with the Mahmal is also made the occasion of a public display. The old carpet from the Kaabeh is brought back and distributed among various mosques.

A HISTORY OF UNION LABELS.

Prof. John Graham Brooks of Harvard University has arranged to pay a series of visits to the labor unions in this city to secure data for a history of the labels placed on union-made goods. Prof. Brooks, it is said, has been engaged to write the history for the United States Government. He is also much interested in a movement for the formation of a consumers' league, to have branches in various cities and towns. The members of the league are to pledge themselves to patronize union and "fair made" products only.

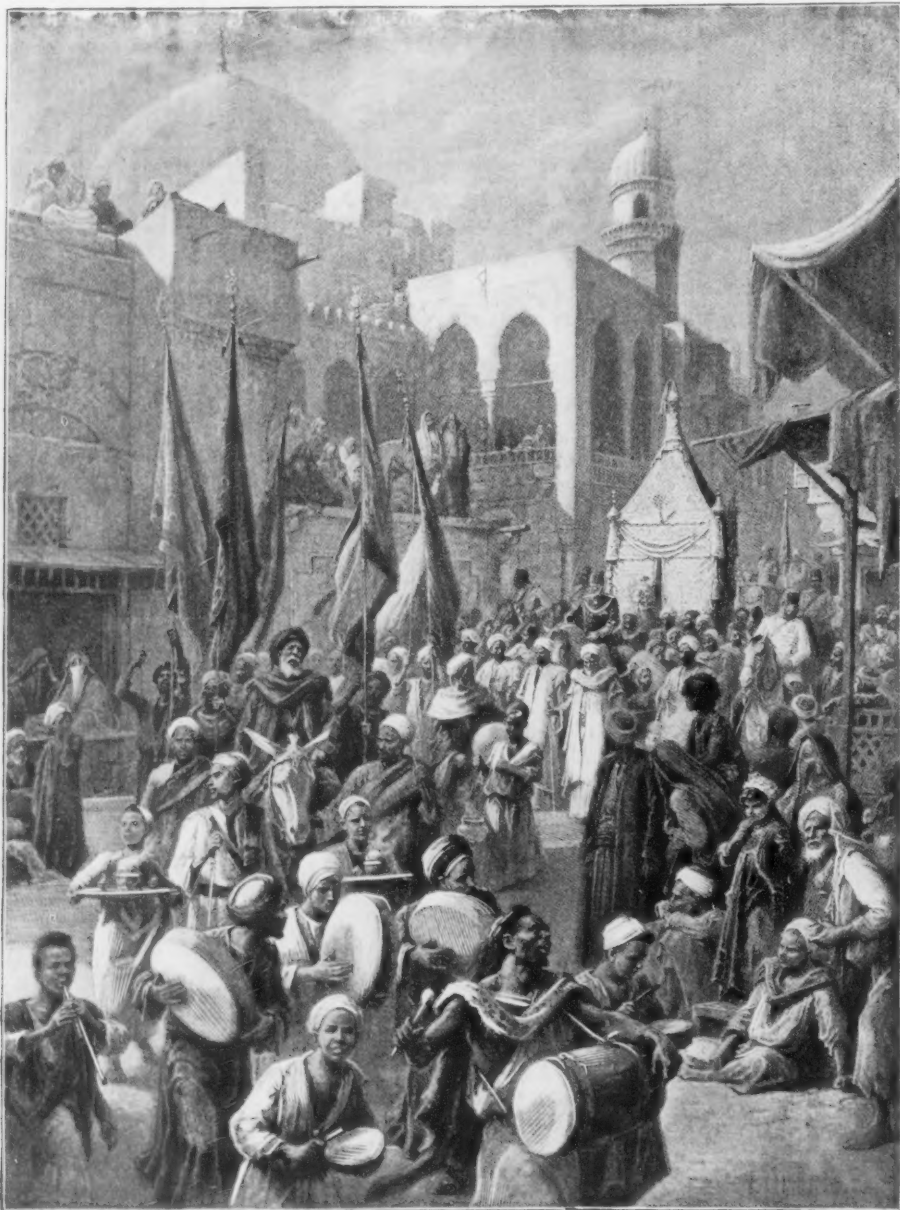
LABOR BUREAU OFFICIALS CONVENE.

The convention of the National Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics at Albany, N. Y., has been concluded. The officers elected are: President, Carroll D. Wright, Washington; first vice-president, Horace G. Wadlin, Boston; second vice-president, G. H. Myers, Baltimore; secretary-treasurer, Samuel B. Horn, Hartford; Executive Committee, H. P. Clute, chairman, Nashville; Carroll D. Wright, Samuel B. Horn, Charles H. Morse, Lansing, Mich.; James M. Clark, Harrisburg, Pa. The place fixed for the next convention is Nashville, Tenn.

A BICYCLE WEDDING.

Surely the bicycle craze is taking a strong hold on many people. The latest indication of the spread of the disease comes in the form of a dispatch from Trenton, N. J., describing a wedding in which the bride, groom, bridesmaid, best man, invited guests and officiating clergyman were dressed in bicycle costumes.

"The young couple and the dominie," continues the dispatch, "stood leaning against their bicycles while the ceremony was performed. The bride wore a steel-gray bicycle suit, short skirt and steel-colored leggings, and the bridegroom was fitted out in bloomers. There were about a score of guests present, all wearing their best Sunday bicycle suits. It was the intention of the young couple to have been married in the suburbs, where they first met on their wheels, under an apple tree, but the heavy rain made a change in the programme necessary. The bridal couple started for Niagara in their bicycle costumes, taking their wheels with them. They expect to make a tour of New York State and will travel awheel in clear weather."



THE PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL.

JULES SIMON.

M. Jules Simon, the distinguished French statesman who died recently, was a notable figure in European affairs. Although eighty-two years of age, he gave no sign of loss of intellectual vigor, and was keenly alive to the progress of events about him.

M. Simon had the great honor of being elected a life Senator and an Academician on the same day. He was a self-made man, and his life was a curious mixture of prosperity and adversity. His early struggles were remarkable. While he was a school-teacher, in almost sordid circumstances, he wrote some admirable works on political economy and social questions, discussing his subject in a thoughtful and calm spirit very praiseworthy indeed.

During the Empire from his seat in the Corps Legislatif he steadfastly opposed every measure that savored of despotism. He was opposed to a standing army, and



THE LATE JULES SIMON.
Illustrated London News.

voted to reduce the military estimates. After the fall of the Empire he was made one of the Ministers of the government of national defense. It is said that he prevailed upon Gambetta to accept the armistice, and it is certain that his mission to the Dictator at Bordeaux after the fall of Paris was undertaken with that intention. M. Thiers gave him a seat in the Cabinet, making him Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, and he retained office almost as long as Thiers himself.

He was born at L'Orient on December 31, 1814. His father's surname was Suisse, but Jules dropped it when a mere boy. He was an earnest disciple of Victor Cousin, whom eventually he succeeded as professor of philosophy in Paris. Entering public life, he soon became chief of the republican party. On the resignation of the Dufaure Ministry in December, 1876, he became Prime Minister, and continued in that office until the following May, when his resignation was practically forced upon him by Marshal MacMahon.

He was the author of many philosophical, social and political works. He also brought out editions, with important introductions, of the philosophical works of Descartes, Bossuet, Malebranche and Antoine Arnauld, and contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other periodicals.

LONDON'S HOSPITAL SERVICE.

The scene in front of Guy's Hospital, London, illustrates a remarkable difference between the hospital service in the British and the American capitals. Although the equipment of the London hospitals, within doors, is most complete, and the service of doctors, nurses and attendants most prompt and skillful, they are sadly lacking in outdoor facilities. There are no ambulances in London, the only substitutes being canvas stretchers which are kept in all police stations as well as in the hospitals. On these the unfortunate victim of an accident is transferred to the hospital if the scene of his mishap is convenient to that institution. If not, he is placed in a cab and conveyed there. The discomfort and suffering entailed by this method of conveyance, especially in the case of a man suffering from a broken limb, can well be imagined. Our ambulance service here is certainly not all that could be desired, owing chiefly to the arrogance or ignorance, or both, of the average ambulance surgeon, but at least it can claim some advantages over that of our transatlantic cousins.

ABOUT THE BOERS.

The South African Boers stand unique among the European races who have settled in far-off lands, for they have neither love nor longing for the country of their ancestors. Their sole wish is that they may live and die in the land that they have won and kept by more than two hundred years of sturdy fighting against savage and civilized foes.

The first Boers went to South Africa from Java in 1652, and thirty-five years later their numbers were

augmented by the Huguenots, who were driven into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From these has sprung the sturdy race that has successfully resisted English attempts at conquest for over a hundred years, and which has produced the man who has just outwitted in diplomacy the shrewdest of English statesmen. Probably there is no more hospitable and yet bigoted people on earth than the Boers. A man may land at Cape Colony, it is said, and travel many months without spending a cent of money, for he will find everywhere a cordial and a generous welcome. The Dutch household is a patriarchal one, and nowhere else in the world are the parents more revered and obeyed by the children, even after they pass middle life. With few exceptions the Boers are a community of stock farmers, and though no other place on earth is so rich in diamonds and precious metals as the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, which they inhabit, yet they never engage in mining.

One of the principal parts of a Boer boy's education is in learning how to shoot, and it is thus that this people have become the greatest marksmen in the world. Long ago, when game was plentiful, it was the custom for the boys to be handed a rifle and told to go out and kill their supper. But this is no longer practicable, and here it is that the wonderful presence of President Kruger shows itself. For this wily old ruler decreed years ago—foreseeing that as the game grew less rifle practice would fall into disuse—that targets be set up and shot at each day.

The Dutch Reformed is the established Church of the Boers. At the festivals of Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, and also in October, the Holy Communion is administered, and on such occasions the whole congregation is expected to be present. As a consequence, the whole country for miles around the church is well-nigh depopulated of its white inhabitants. Except on these occasions, the Boers whose farms lie far out on the veldt never get to church, contenting themselves with the services which they hold in their own homes.

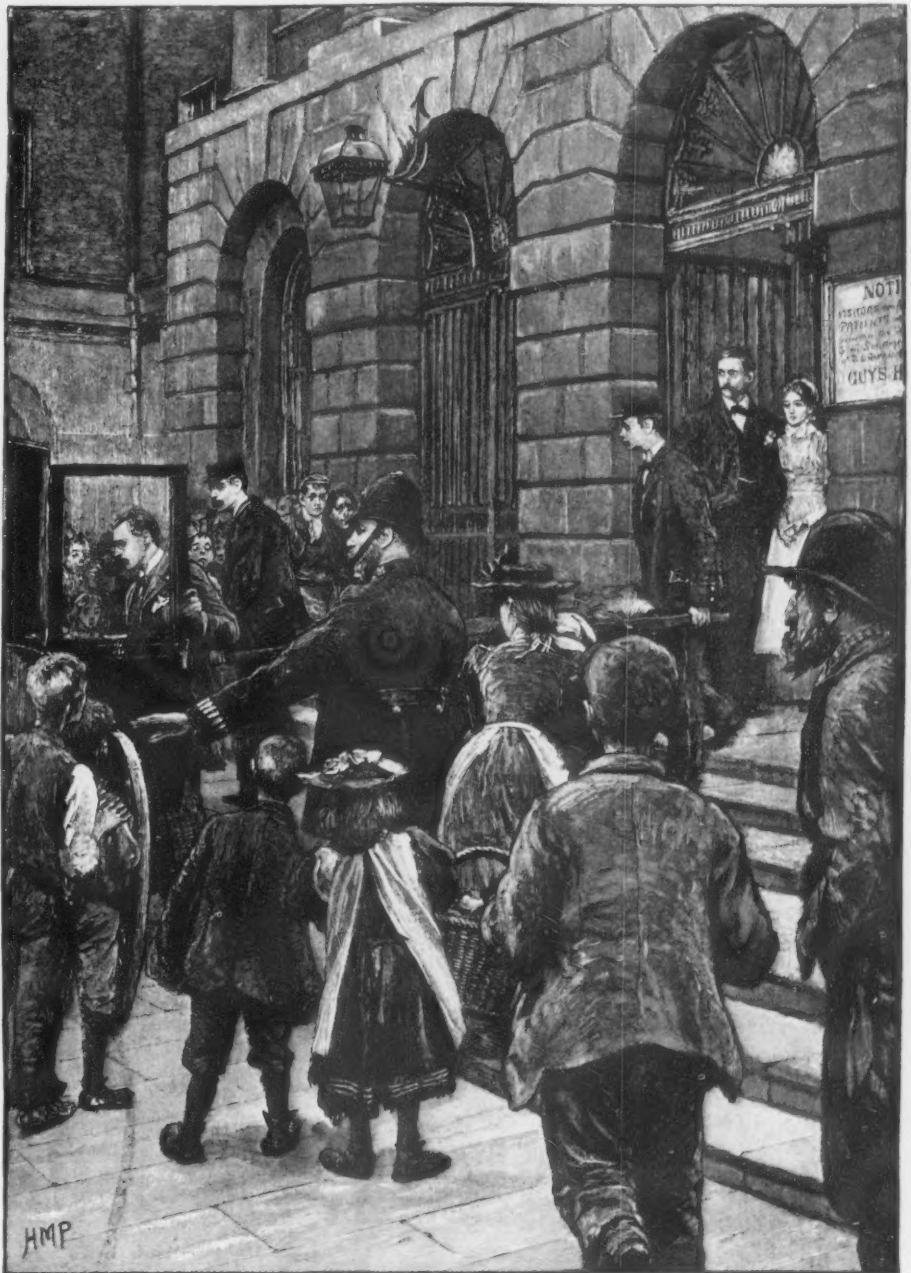
THE INFLUENCE OF FRENCH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Recent statistics in relation to population in France show a tendency to decadence which sooner or later, it is anticipated, will lead to the absorption of the French race by other and more prolific races. This decadence, it is alleged, is largely due to the marriage customs of

the country—one in particular, the *dot réglementaire* being mainly chargeable with the failure in the supply of what is understood by the term "the rising generation." The custom of setting aside a certain sum of money as the "dot" or marriage portion of every daughter is a well-established feature of French domestic life; and if it were not hampered with other conditions, it should properly be considered as an evidence of prudent forethought. But the weak part of the business is, when the marriage question comes to be discussed and it is found that the "dot" does not come up to the requirements of the occasion. It is customary to graduate the amount according to the social status of the suitor, the higher the rank the greater must be the amount of the dower which goes with the daughter; that is, the suitor's position being placed at a certain value, the prospective bride must be brought up to an equal value by an increased dower over that which she would get if her choice lay with some lover in her own sphere of life. It is evident, then, that the more daughters a man has the greater need of economy; and the realization of such a prospective drain on the family resources acts as an obstacle to the increase of population. One or two children constitute the extent of the ambition of the average married couple, because of the existence of the "dot" custom, and the falling off in population which statistics seem to prove is very largely attributed to this cause. Too many daughters entail too much thrift and self-denial, and the result is readily perceptible. In fact, the prevailing comment on the situation is, that if the French nation is doomed to be absorbed by other nations it will be through their excessive cultivation of the wisdom that provides for the future.

RADICAL MEASURES.

"A Swedish woman in Chicago," says the *New York Tribune*, "has started the somersault cure for women who desire to improve their figures. 'Sometimes,' she says, 'it takes logic and patience to persuade a stout, dignified lady to turn a somersault, and in the preliminary trials a difficult object has to be helped over. At forty-five, you know, such an action seems an awful and awkward enterprise, but once you learn how to turn somersaults, even at fifty, the exhilaration of it grows on you, and its effects on one's girdle measure are simply astonishing. The somersault does more for a clumsy fat woman than anything I can recommend.'"



GUYS HOSPITAL, LONDON—AN EVERYDAY SCENE AT ITS GATES.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

The unveiling of the statue of Queen Victoria at the Royal Exchange, by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Walter H. Wilken, on Saturday, June 20, marks the dawn of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's accession, which, if she lives to complete—and we all most certainly hope it, and many others following—will be celebrated on the same scale of splendor as the Golden Jubilee of 1887.

The Queen is much pleased at the great respect, love and admiration evinced by the Russian people for the beautiful young Czarina. She was always the belle of the four daughters of the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. The young Princesses left motherless, at a very early age, strongly appealed to the motherly sentiments of "Grandma England," who was alike a fairy godmother as well as grandmother. Coin of the realm was always conspicuous by its absence in the palace of Hesse Darmstadt. Grand Duke Ludwig was a petty reigning German prince, who signalized himself in the Franco-German War under the banner of the Fatherland. The ten thousand pounds a year dowry brought by his English bride was almost their only income, and even in Germany this sum goes a small way in maintaining a whole staff of retainers, and living in anything approaching princely style. Princess Alice, it will be remembered, died after an attack of diphtheria, contracted by kissing her second son, quite a child at the time. Mother and son died.

The widower Grand Duke was at one time spoken of as a possible husband for Princess Beatrice, now Princess Henry of Battenburg; but the failure of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill to become law finished all negotiations on the subject. The Grand Duke died soon after.

Of the four daughters the eldest married Prince Henry of Prussia, Emperor William II.'s brother; the second, Prince Louis of Battenburg, a captain in the English Royal Navy; the third, the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, uncle of Czar Nicholas II., and the beauty of the family is the Czarina. On her betrothal to the Czarowitch she came on a visit to Windsor, and "Grandma England" came to the rescue magnanimously. Gave the future Czarina a magnificent trousseau, the best and most expensive to be found in London, and, more than this, sent the Czarina-to-be down to Cheltenham to take the waters. Here the young Princess remained for a month. She stayed with a private family, and during her visit the lady of the house gave birth to twins—a boy and girl—a lucky event for "mine hostess." The Princess became godmother, and named the children Nicholas and Alice, and she has not since forgotten to send them a remembrance on their birthday. Last anniversary a superb set of china, with the Russian Imperial crown, arrived from the Empress godmother. The value of this present is something fabulous.

The serious illness of the Sultan of Turkey causes much uneasiness in Constantinople. A tumor, supposed to be cancer, is what he is suffering from. The physicians thought of an operation, but decided it was too perilous. A week ago, on the Sultan's usual visit to the Mosque on Friday, his cheeks were rouged to hide his suffering and pallor from the people.

"What deeds are done in Rome" may be imagined by the failure of the "Società di Credito Immobiliare Italiana" of Rome for a sum of thirty-eight million francs. This event has caused consternation in the Eternal City. Great irregularity in the keeping of the books, and in several other ways, has brought about the downfall. It will be such another scandal as the "Banca Romana," in which Signor Crispi was involved.

Jack ashore or afloat is not much given to piety. In his heart he believes "that same little cherub who sits up aloft will make out a good berth for poor Jack." But on Sunday, June 14, Jack had a golden opportunity for praying. Both he and his mates, to the number of three hundred and fifty gallant, jolly Jack Tars of the English Navy from the Mediterranean Squadron, presented themselves at St. Peter's, Rome, and heard mass in the Sixtine Chapel. Pope Leo XIII. was present, and gave them his blessing.

Ascot, Royal Ascot, is over for this year of grace, 1893. And we won. "That Hamerican oss" Wishard, called after his owner, Mr. Wishard, "as bin and carried off the Queen's Plate." Another victory for America.

The entente cordiale has been established between the Emperors of China and Russia, at least so says his Excellency Li Hung Chang, the Chancellor of the Celestial Empire, and he ought to know. His Imperial Master has granted permission to the Russian Government to run a railroad through Chinese territory; and on through Manchuria. This will open up the Korean question once again, and the little Hermit nation will by this move become the observed of all observers, and, lest anything may divert one's attention from the Far East for a moment, the terrific earthquake and loss of one thousand lives in the island of Yesso, Japan, forbids it.

Our compatriot, Mr. William Willard Howard, who sailed on Saturday—the "Campania," bent on his mission of mercy for the relief of the suffering Christians in Armenia, is sure to be enthusiastically received and welcomed by his Grace the Duke of Westminster, who is one of the principal promoters of the movement in London.

Lord Salisbury gave what Mrs. Grundy would call "a beautiful reception" to the members of the International Arbitration League, introduced to the Foreign Office by Sir John Robert Mowbray, M.P. for the University of Oxford.

The "trial" of Dr. Leander Starr Jameson and his followers for their raid into the Transvaal is fixed for

July 20, but the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, in the New Law Courts, won't hold one-tenth of the well-dressed mob eager to get a sight of the hero. And as to his noble bride-elect, the widow of a peer, and the mother of a peer, she must, according to all the canons, "go off in a faint." The rising juniors will be in great demand during these days, and I expect to see quite a bevy of grizzled wigs hovering around the entrance, and impressing the full majesty of the law on the tall policemen. Take my advice and never go to the New Law Courts without a rising junior to show you round.

But after the "trial" what a scene!

"The ladies laughed, now did you eye'er!"

"The funny man, he must be clever."

"Thus raised to fame, by their decision."

"Jim" strides, the ladies' pet physician.

Then everything will quiet down, like the lull before a storm. The "boys," escaping the too kindly notice of the "polis," will slip off quietly and ship as "Cook and steward aboard of the 'Kangaroo,'" or anything else going out. Another row all round, followed by another raid and rumpus, and then a general digging out of the thirty millions of gold, hidden in the dusky bosom of Darkest Africa.

They "don't want no" disinfectants in Egypt's hateful land. But this is only to be expected in the land of the Pharaohs, where the Kismet of the Mohammedans is the unwritten law. Some days since a person died of cholera at Cairo. The doctor in attendance, a young Italian, proceeded to disinfect the house with carbolic acid, when he was surrounded, hooted at and jeered by the mob, and had to defend himself as best he could. He is now in hospital, from the treatment he received. Comment is needless. The fact itself "points a moral" only too significant of Egyptian enlightenment.

The art of miniature painting is to be revived, and Lord Ronald Gower will be the first president of the Art Society. This is a distinct benefit to students and lovers of the fine arts. The art of painting is lost, as regards oils, for where, or when, do we find in modern masters "the golden glow of Titians" or the marvelous tints of Menfing? Nowhere; song ingredient is missing. And those exquisite miniatures on ivory framed in solid gold, with a lock of the fair one's hair at the back, in a circle of brilliants, in the days when diamonds were diamonds—how truly lovely they were! After a hundred years or more the eyes "smile on me still the same" as in the days of the Wits and the Dandies.

A garden party at Buckingham Palace is to be given by the Queen on the day of the marriage of Princess Maud and Prince Carl of Denmark. Let us hope the weather will be propitious, as the toilets now in preparation on behalf of the invited guests are something *ravissant*, as the French say.

Her Majesty, it is hoped, will be present, and rejoice the hearts of her faithful commons and others by a drive round the grounds in the well-known donkey shay, which has been so much in evidence this year at Cimiez. A garden party at Buckingham Palace is a happy idea; the grounds are lovely, and there is ample room for a mild flirtation. It was at a garden party at Marlborough House, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the present Duchess of Portland, then Miss Dallas Yorke, was first introduced to her husband, or rather the Duke was presented to her. She treated him with marked coldness, as he was the richest Duke in England, and rumor named him as not unacceptable to a royal princess. Miss Dallas Yorke was poor almost as the famous Griselda, so she'd have none of his attentions. But a few weeks later, as she stepped into the train at Charing Cross, en route for Brighton, "that Duke," who was on the platform, stepped in also, and they arranged the marriage before reaching London-by-the-Sea.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" even in the land of the dragon, and the idolized Padewski has discovered lyrics in Chinese and Japanese which have gone straight to his very soul. When next he vouchsafes us a visit we may expect to hear him in a refreshingly new repertory of melodies.

JUSTICE TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

A CASE which merits the attention of those interested in the proper administration of justice is that of Edward Clifford, who was sentenced to death for murder in the first degree on Saturday, June 20, in Jersey City. Clifford, who was a detective in the employ of the West Shore Railroad Company, shot and killed Superintendent Watson on March 6 last in the offices of the company at Weehawken. His reason for committing the crime was the fact that Superintendent Watson had dismissed him from the company's service and refused to reinstate him. The two men had not been on friendly terms for some time previous to the tragedy. About a year before Superintendent Watson discharged Clifford, but was forced, by some one higher in authority, to reinstate him. Ever since this occurrence the two men had borne no love to each other. Watson apparently only waited his opportunity to throw Clifford out for appealing over his authority. In April last Clifford distinguished himself by arresting Train Robber Perry, who had escaped from the Mattewan Asylum. For this he received a sum of over twelve hundred dollars. The money seems to have been a curse to him, for after he received it Clifford started drinking very heavily. The result was that he played into his old enemy's hands and gave him the opportunity to dismiss him. In a fit of drunken madness Clifford went to Superintendent Watson's office, where he claims to have been insulted by Watson. The result was that he shot the Superintendent, inflicting wounds from which the official died a few days later at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York. Clifford claims that he has no recollection of shooting Watson, which is very probable,

owing to the mental condition he was in at the time of the occurrence.

The murder, viewed from an ordinary standpoint, was an atrocious one. Superintendent Watson was a man universally respected for his probity. He was a man of the most respectable connections, and the father of a family. The blotting out of his life was a most grievous crime. So great was the respect entertained for him that men like Chauncey Depew were present at his funeral. The fact that Clifford committed the deed was uncontrovertible, because there were witnesses to his cruel and merciless act. He shot a man down who was without the means to protect himself. There can be no extenuation for such a crime but one, and that is madness. The question, therefore, has been, "Was Clifford mad, or was he in his right mind when he committed the act?" Was he of a sullen, revengeful disposition, and a person likely to plot the destruction of another? That is where the paradox of this astonishing case comes in. From all that can be gleaned concerning his past life Clifford was, above all men, the last to do another an injury and the first to do a kindness.

In presenting this monograph there is no desire to excuse the crime of murder, but the truth of the matter should certainly be understood. The evidence presented in the case when he was brought to trial was almost entirely inimical to Clifford. It was necessarily confined to the immediate period of the murder, when Clifford was in a besotted condition and only a wreck of his former self. It is true that there were dozens of witnesses who testified to the good and peaceful disposition of Clifford, but that was like the tinkling of cymbals and the sound of brass. It might have been paid for at so much a name. Inquiry among the people with whom Clifford has been associated for many years past reveals an entirely different style of character to that which he is popularly understood to have possessed. One man who has known him from boyhood informed the writer that up till the time when Clifford received the money awarded for Perry's capture he was a man of most exceptional morals. The following facts were learned from him concerning Clifford's career.

Clifford was born in Clay Street, Philadelphia, forty years ago. His parents were respectable, hard-working people. Both are now dead, and only a brother of the murderer survives. The first work that Edward Clifford did was to paint barrels for the Atlantic Refining Company of Philadelphia. Every penny that he earned was taken home. From Philadelphia Clifford went to Baltimore, where he worked for the Camden Consolidated Oil Company. In 1878 he returned to Philadelphia, shortly afterward coming to New York. He obtained employment from Superintendent Kohler of the Hunters Point Refining Company, and six months later went to work under T. H. Armstrong, superintendent of the Weehawken Oil Yards. He soon became a favorite in Weehawken. An excursion engineered by him netted a handsome sum for the St. Mary's Hospital. In those days Clifford was always sober and industrious. He had five or ten dollars to lend any one who was short, and many is the one he has lent to without ever getting anything back.

Next, Clifford was appointed on the Weehawken police force, and served with marked distinction, being promoted respectively to the posts of roundsman and sergeant. As an officer Clifford was liked by every one with whom he came in contact. Owing to the changes incident to politics Clifford lost his position on the police force about five years ago, when he was engaged as a detective by the West Shore people. While on the police force Clifford, during his off hours, attended to a sick brother-officer with the devotion of a close relative, and his many acts of kindness to the unfortunate can be heard of in every quarter where he was known. On one occasion, after he went to the West Shore Railroad, Clifford drew his monthly pay and divided it between two men with large families who were victims of the coal strike. He never received nor expected any of it back. In fact, there are men who would be ashamed to have their names mentioned now who owed him five and ten-dollar bills.

Another man who knew him intimately for years thus speaks of him: "He was a large, soft-hearted man, who could never have the heart to harm any one in his sober senses. In the sixteen years of our acquaintance I grew to know him pretty closely. I never met so good and tender-hearted a man in my life. I have known him give up his bed to a stranger, and if he had no money to give, have seen him borrow to help a stranger. I never knew him to have an outburst of temper before. He was always cool and gentle, and could quell a disturbance by his nice manner where a squad of policemen could have effected nothing. Another trait of his was to listen to nothing ill concerning an absent person. In fact, he was one of the most lovable characters I ever knew—always ready to do a good turn for another. Of course he had been drinking heavily for several months previous to the murder. I saw him the night before the occurrence, and had to reproach him for the first time in my life. He was on the verge of delirium tremens and certainly crazy. I remonstrated with him about it. He did not know what he was doing and accused every one he met of being a pickpocket. He was drinking liquor every few minutes."

In spite of these facts, so well established that their repetition seems superfluous, each of the witnesses for the prosecution, all of whom were in the employ of the West Shore Company, insisted that Clifford was perfectly rational and sober at the time he committed the crime. It seems as if these witnesses were inspired by a desire to see Clifford expiate his crime on the gallows. There is a feeling, doubtless, among Watson's subordinates and friends, that a valuable life has been wasted for a worthless one. But Clifford's life had not always been worthless.

The conviction of Clifford for murder in the first degree, according to his counsel, ex-Judge Hoffman, was due entirely to the evidence given by the immediate assistants of Superintendent Watson. According to the description given by them on the witness stand Clifford must have been sober and cognizant of all that he was doing when he shot Superintendent Watson. And yet it would have been impossible for his condition to be such judging from the long, frequent and recent debauches which he had indulged in. All the evidence on the accused man's side points to the conclusion that

he was demented from drink when he committed the act, even the discharge which led to all the trouble being due, according to Watson's own statements, to the fact that Clifford was drinking so heavily.

Clifford had carried a revolver for the past thirteen years, and this explains why he had the weapon so handy. The charge of murder in the first degree, as contended by Clifford's counsel, is only tenable when premeditation is assured. There was nothing to show that Clifford premeditated the murder of Watson. He went to the office to see if his discharge was really valid and whether it could not be rescinded. From the evidence it seems that Superintendent Watson met him coldly and even tauntingly. He knew that at last he had the man whom he had tried to oust one year before at his mercy. He admitted having put spies on his track to watch his movements. He called Clifford a liar and a drunkard. Even to a man of Clifford's impulsive temperament in sober moments such conduct would have been exasperating. But the condition of Clifford at the time must be considered. He had spent all the money which good fortune had thrown in his way as a reward for the capture of Perry. He felt himself to be a physical wreck owing to his excessive drinking, when as a last crushing blow came the loss of his position. The very fact that he deserved all this misfortune and had brought it upon himself maddened him still more. Then the cold cynicism of the superintendent and the insults with which he met the man who had come to see if he could not get another opportunity to redeem himself.

Murder is always the devil's work. It is cowardly, contemptible, and the most abhorrent crime. There is no extenuation for its commission under any circumstances but that of insanity. The question is, Was Clifford insane at the moment when he committed the act, or was he not? There seems to be no reasonable doubt that he was quite crazy when he committed the act. The principle of his whole life bears out this theory, because he had never before been accused of violence or uncharitableness toward any one. In fact he was a model of the virtue of loving thy brother as thyself. A life spent in the doing of good deeds should tell in the final summing up of a man's record. There should be a distinction made between the brute and bully who has lived all for self, and the warm-hearted, generous Samaritan whose hand was always outstretched to help his brother in need.

The jury in Clifford's case seem not to have acted with overmuch intelligence. They brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree with a recommendation to mercy. This was entirely unprecedented and incongruous. Murder in the first degree is deliberate, willful murder, and permits of no extenuation. It is probable that the jury was not in a position to judge fairly of the merits of the case. Such facts as are here presented were not available to them. They knew nothing of the good life lying behind the past year of dissipation. They were compelled to act upon the evidence laid before them. That part of it which emanated from the servants of the railroad company was by far the most prominent at the trial. It was almost entirely given for the purpose of insuring the conviction of Clifford of murder in the first degree—to show that he was sober and conscious when committing the crime. It is probable that owing to the critical nature of his visit to Watson, upon which practically his future depended, Clifford was quiet and serious in the office and controlled himself during the conversation, and owing to this the clerks may have been deceived themselves. But taking all the extraneous evidence into consideration it is so palpable that Clifford must have been temporarily insane as to leave no room for doubt whatever in the minds of an intelligent jury.

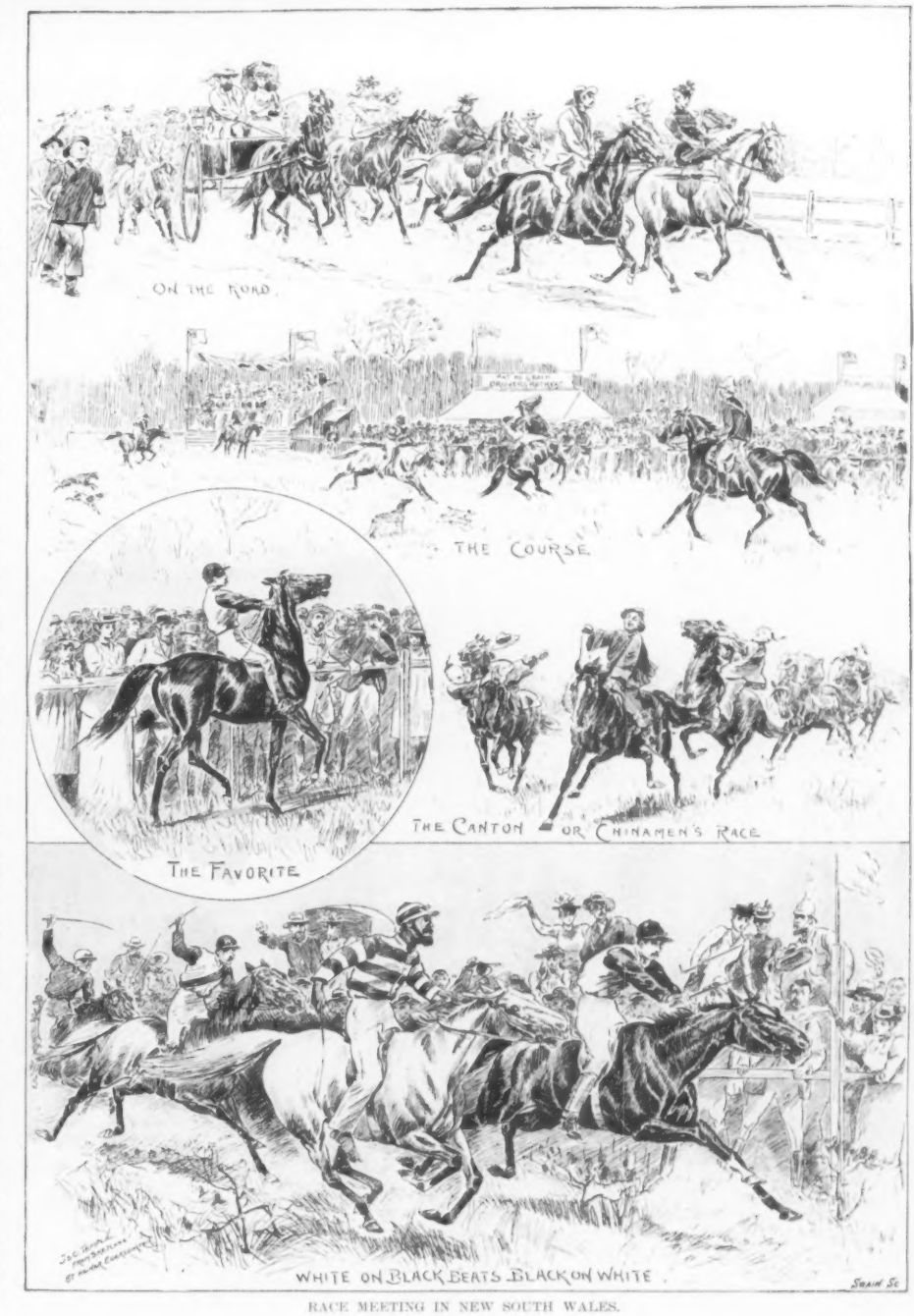
Clifford's case will now go before the Supreme Court, and it is thought that a new trial will be granted. The friends of Clifford hope to see the sentence mitigated to one of life imprisonment, and it would seem that justice could be better served by the infliction of the less severe penalty.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT WAKES UP.

Great bodies, it is said, move slowly, and the United States War Department furnishes a good illustration. In the early part of June Judge William D. Dickey of the New York Supreme Court was notified by the Assistant Secretary of War that a medal of honor had been awarded him for gallant service during the war for the Union. The record of Judge Dickey is as follows: In 1862, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted as a private in the Nineteenth New York Regiment and served a three months' term. He re-enlisted as second lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth New York, served nine months and was then promoted to the grade of first lieutenant. Next he was commissioned as captain in the Fifteenth New York Artillery, served to the close of the war and was in twenty general engagements. He was promoted to the rank of major in 1865, and "for gallant and meritorious service" he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel and later colonel. This record has, we suppose, lain undiscovered for upward of thirty years, and now, after a lapse of nearly a third of a century, the War Department, or, as it might sometimes be called, the Circumlocution Department, remembers that "Judge Dickey's" name is entitled to be placed on the roll of honor. Well, perhaps it is better late than never.

THAT CONVENTION GAVEL.

No convention would be complete nowadays without the "man with a gavel," who is certain to have one ready for presentation around which memories supposed to be of interest to the assembled delegates will cling. It was intended that St. Louis should be no exception, a gavel having been ready for some time before; but whether Chairman Fairbanks wielded it or not is the question. It was made from a log of the cabin built by Abe Lincoln at New Salem, Ill., in 1832, by William H. Bartels, Carthage, Ill., who fashioned the gavel used at the World's Fair and who carved the furniture in the Governor's Room at the Illinois State Building at that Exposition. The gavel for St. Louis was a handsome piece of workmanship; both ends were tastefully mounted and bore inscriptions referring to the log from



which it was carved and the name of the maker. There was a blank space left for the name of the Presidential nominee, and the precious instrument of the representative of parliamentary control was to revert to the individual chosen to be the standard bearer of his party. After the convention Senator Berry of Carthage, Ill., undertook to present the gavel to the convention, but whether he fulfilled his trust or otherwise we know not. Possibly, if the mountings were silver, it may have raised the question whether, in view of the failure of the Ohio straddle, it would have been wise to bring it into view just then. Meanwhile, has the gavel been presented? and if not, where is it?

CUPID AND HYMEN IN CHICAGO.

We live in an unappreciative world. Only to think that Chicago, which is considered as being above all sentiment, even that which clings around newly wedded bliss, is the first city to actually provide a place for spending that happy period in most people's lives known as "the honeymoon." In other words, Chicago has an apartment-house known as "The Honeymoon Flats," where all the tenants are young married couples, and of such reputed loveliness that when the brides put their heads simultaneously out of the windows even the street cars stop to permit the passengers to enjoy the beauty of the spectacle. This elysium of the newly wedded stands at Walnut and Francisco Streets. Exclusive of the ordinary and indoor accommodations, we are told that outside the flower-beds are in the form of "Cupid's Bow," the flowers including "heart's-ease," "bleeding hearts" (why this we cannot say) and the "blush red rose." A fountain cools the air, the gardens are illuminated at night by means of lamps, the posts of which are topped with little Cupids, and even the little birds that come there do nothing but bill and coo all the time. Statuettes of Romeo and Juliet, Cupid and Psyche, Hector and Andromache, Paris and Helen, etc., are to be seen in the windows, while the walls are ornamented with pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses making love in the summer field. And this in prosaic Chicago! Well, I never! But there is a cloud on the horizon. No children are allowed in the "Flats," and the twenty brides now enjoying life there are asking

themselves when they meet, "How long?" That will depend. If children who see the first light within its walls are considered naturalized and allowed to remain, all will be well; but if not, well, we have not the gift of prophecy. That is all. Meanwhile, Chicago as the terrestrial Garden of Eden is on top.

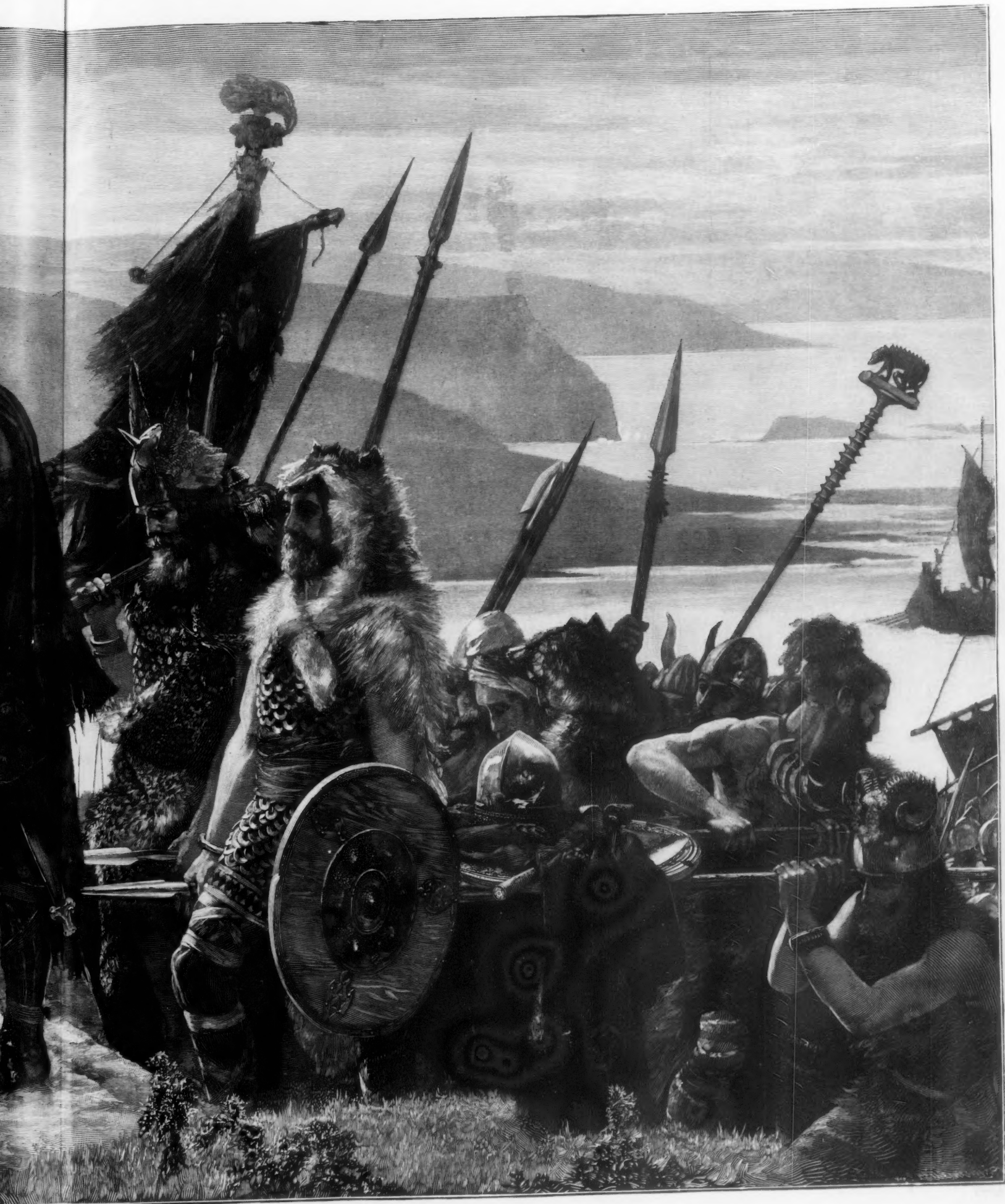
THE COLOR LINE IN WASHINGTON IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

An interesting glimpse of the restrictions imposed on the "colored man and brother" in Washington away back in the 'fifties is afforded by the reminiscences of a well-known member of that race at the National Capital. The colored people, as is well known, are fond of music, and the great musical attractions of that day were the Marine Band concerts in the White House grounds. No colored persons were permitted in the grounds unless they were nurses for the white children or attendants on elderly persons. But the boys and girls got there all the same by personating servants sent there to look after children. It was about that time, he tells us, that the "Mocking Bird" was first played at the White House. It was dedicated to Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, and its first performance was a big event. Talk about whistling popular songs or marches these days, why, they are simply not in it. The "Mocking Bird" was whistled by "the press, the public and the clergy," and nearly every one else who could cock a lip. There were "Mocking Bird" waltzes, polkas, redows, and other things in that line, until you could not rest. As the band finished the first public rendition of the "Mocking Bird" all eyes turned to Miss Lane, who stood the central figure in a group on the south portico. She bowed her acknowledgments and thanks and joined the others in clapping her hands applauding the band. And he adds: "The colored people always wore their Sunday clothes when they went to listen to the music."

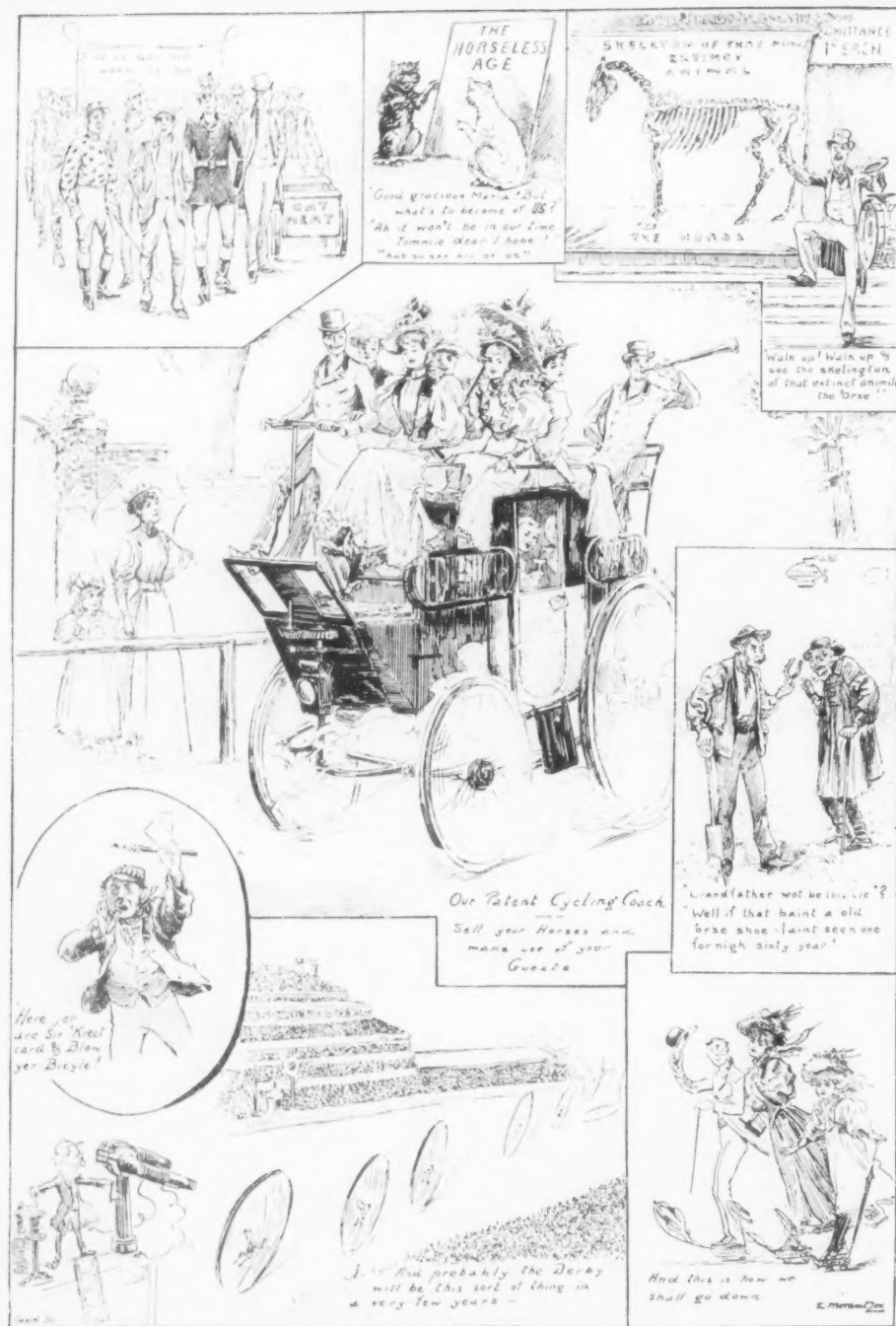
For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty five cents a bottle.



"WHERE IS MY HUSBAND, THE F



ND, THE KING?"—PAINTED BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO!

PUBLIC OPINION

BRASS BAND PATRIOTISM.

"I take off my hat to the flag," says Joseph Howard, Jr., in the *New York Recorder*, "the one and only flag that should ever be permitted to float from official residence in this land; and I take off my hat to the President of the United States, be he Democrat or Republican, because he is, by the vote of his fellows, made chief for the time being of this great and glorious land."

This is the kind of buncombe which Mr. Howard uses to fill up his column when he runs short of anything really worth saying. We don't quarrel with the sentiment—it is a most estimable sentiment—but there is a flavor of the brass band about his method of expression strongly suggestive of insincerity. We never yet saw a brass band patriot who was worth reckoning on in an emergency.

INDIVIDUAL AND PARTY OPINION.

The *San Francisco News-Letter* entertains a poor opinion of public men who proclaim their willingness to bow to the dictates of their party, no matter how much their personal opinions may be at variance with these rulings.

"The statesman," says the *News-Letter*, "who professes his readiness to 'obey the dictates of his party in all things,' or who is 'ever ready to subordinate his private judgment to the voice of his party' may be set down as a thoroughgoing demagogue. The only reason for devotion to party is that organization is necessary to secure the triumph of principles. To subordinate principle to party is mere political subservience. What this nation needs is more independent voters—more men who are free from the slavery of blind partisanship."

That this is not the universal opinion of the press is

evident from the tone of the following paragraph from the *New York Journal*. But then, after all, a difference of opinion between these two journals is no novelty. The *Journal*, speaking of George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, says that he has "lined up with the Democracy of the Whitney-Campbell stripe. He says he is a Democrat, and, as the Democratic party stands for more than one idea, he will support the nominees of the Chicago Convention even though the platform may not happen to suit him. With such a spirit abroad, the work of getting together at Chicago will be rendered less difficult." The last sentence seems to indicate the *Journal's* editorial approval.

OUTRAGES ON JUSTICE.

"Trial by newspapers, that has long been one of the worst nuisances in this country, has recently had novel developments," says *Town Topics*. "It is the law that a case must not be publicly commented upon while it is *sub judice*, and in any other country violations of this law could be punished as contempt of court. But here the courts seem to be held in such general contempt that nobody is rebuked for interfering with them. Judges, lawyers, witnesses and spectators are caricatured in the daily papers during the progress of the most important trials. The life or the reputation of a woman may be at stake; but nothing is sacred to the reporters. Commenting upon the evidence is a mild phrase to apply to the articles that are published about the Fleming and Carter cases. The reports undertake to explain the relations of one part of the testimony to the others; they describe the demeanor of the accused and of the lawyers when certain points are scored or missed; they state that this question was asked in order to bring out such and such facts; they undertake to tell what evidence will be produced the next day, and although they are usually altogether wrong, this does not excuse the virtual summing up that is daily printed. It is bad enough for a witness to be bullied by the judges and badgered by the lawyers, according to the precedents that have come down to us from the famous trial of Bardsell vs. Pickwick; but now a witness must expect to see burlesque portraits of himself; to be held up to ridicule because of his manner, his dress or his eye-

glasses; to be convicted of perjury by the newspapers, even though no such charge be brought against him in court. Lawyers are twitted upon the size of their collars, or praised for 'acting to the jury,' and jurors have their family connections investigated and their alleged portraits printed. Every judge knows that this is illegal and prejudicial to justice; but all the judges seem afraid of the daily papers, and not one of them is bold enough to prevent the outrages upon the courts."

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

"Four years ago," says the *New York Recorder*, "the working people of this country had to take the word of campaign orators as to what the effects of letting down the protective tariff bars would be. To-day they know of their own knowledge. Free wool and a lower tariff on woolen goods was then a theory. To-day it is a fact. The net result is that nearly half the woolen mills of the country are shut down, and the other half are running on half time, or less. 'Honest money' is an elegant war cry, but honest work and steady wages are what the working people of this country care a great deal more about. Protection is still the biggest issue—in the minds of wage-earners, at any rate."

DOES IT MEAN FIGHT?

The Philadelphia *Record's* staff prophet sees signs and omens of coming friction with Spain. In a recent issue he says: "Signs and portents of coming trouble over Cuba have again appeared upon the political horizon. The President has gone a-fishing—an infallible indication that something is going to happen. Moreover, it is reported that the blue-jackets on board of some of the warships at the Brooklyn Navy Yard omitted to say their prayers on Sunday last; and the conclusion is irresistible that they were too busily engaged in grinding razor edges on their cutlasses and swabbing their guns to find time for offering their usual Sabbath day thanksgivings. Seriously speaking, however, there may be occasion for preparedness on the part of this Government. It is nearly time for a decision of the Supreme Military and Naval Tribunal at Madrid upon the appeal of the case of the 'Competitor,' and the President may be getting ready to insure justice and fair treatment for the prisoners by 'such means, not amounting to acts of war, as he may think necessary,' in accordance with the power vested in him by the statute laws of the United States."

FOR THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* signifies its approval of General Lee and his mission in Havana in the following terms: "General Fitzhugh Lee has made a good beginning as Consul-General to Cuba. That is to say, he has incurred the displeasure of the Spanish element in Havana, which means that he is not concealing the fact that the people of the United States desire the success of the insurgents."

THE SUGGESTED CUBAN WALL.

The Spanish press have been blind guides to General Weyler on every occasion, but the folly of one of the latest pieces of advice—that tendered by *El Comercio*—is so conspicuous that Weyler must have lost all patience when it came to his notice. The suggestion was, that, failing to subdue Cuba, the next best plan would be to encircle Havana with a stone wall, presumably after the fashion of the Great Wall of China, to shut out the insurgents from the city, and at the same time have a Spanish fleet at anchor in the harbor, leaving the rest of the island to Gomez, Maceo, Garcia and their followers to roam over it at will and rule it as best they could. A sensible plan, truly! Where would the funds to maintain the cooped-up inhabitants in the walled city come from? Not from the other side of the wall, surely, while Gomez or his aides were around. No Spanish tax collector dare show himself beyond that wall if he valued a whole skin. Spain would have to send supplies for both the army and the people, and it would not take very long for the Spanish Government to realize the fact that as regards the mere retaining a foothold on the island "the game would not be worth the candle," as the French say. For the insurgents it would be capital fun. They could do as they pleased, and when the proper time came they would be certain to find a way to cross the wall as they did the famous trocha; or they might rest from their labors and wait—not very long, as things look—to see Spain evacuate a city which would cost more than it is worth to hold. In view of such a proposition as that of *El Comercio*, do not the words of Robin Goodfellow readily suggest themselves?—"What fools these mortals be."

A ROYAL TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

How thin the bond that binds the States forming the German Empire may be inferred from the incident which occurred at the banquet to Prince Henry of Prussia during the coronation festivities at Moscow. The Prince, it appears, represented his brother, the Emperor of Germany, and the chairman of the banquet in toasting the guests referred to the minor German princes who accompanied Prince Henry as the members of his suite. At this Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, who is shortly to succeed the Mad Otto on the throne of Bavaria, took umbrage and in a violent tone declared that they were not vassals of the German Emperor but his allies. Prince Henry retired from the banquet in high dudgeon, and on an explanation being demanded by the Emperor and given, the latter censured his brother for his petulance and dismissed the matter. But Southern Germany became excited to an extraordinary degree, and the press served fuel to the flame, going in one instance so far as to recommend the withdrawal of the Prussian Minister from Munich. Prince Ludwig's defense, however, was so independent, reminding the Emperor that the Germans, while fulfilling their duty to the Fatherland, owed a higher duty to their respective countries, that it was diplomatically accepted; and now the Emperor having metaphorically spanked his brother and smoothed the ruffled plumage of Bavaria's game-bird, the white-winged dove of peace has again spread her wings over Fatherland, and in the official language of Berlin Court circles, "the event is closed." It is not, however, without its lesson.

OUR NOTE BOOK

In every nation there are a certain number of representative men. Eliminate them, and the nation, from the sheer force of propulsion which they have given, will progress a while, but if they be not replaced stagnation must supervene. A modern instance is our neighbor Mexico, once an Empire—one that in imperial splendor rivaled that of Rome—to-day a headless, retrograding stretch of land, a nation that exists only in memory and on the map. The acquisition of a collective intelligence, gradually yet firmly consolidated, marks the apogee of a nation's greatness. The disintegration of that intelligence is the beginning of its decadence. By way of illustration of the point which is sought to be conveyed suppose that the proprietor of the New York *Herald* should die and that the gentlemen who so ably represent him in the various editorial departments should disassociate; the reporters and printers might continue their work as before, the paper could continue to appear, to the unobservant there would at first be no outward change; but little by little you would begin to feel that you were reading a lifeless sheet. What might happen, and for that matter has happened, to newspapers happens to the States, Kingdoms and Republics of the earth: eliminate their leaders and decadence sets in.

One of the leaders of this country was Austin Corbin. His death is not alone a subject of social and commercial regret, it is a national disaster, an international loss. We do not yet know how to sequester time, but at the abolishment of space he was at work; he was making Europe a day more neighborly, bringing us twenty-four hours nearer to its shores. Had he lived he would have accomplished that miracle, heightened it perhaps by achievements collateral yet unique. The accident of which he was the victim and we the losers was nothing more nor less than one of Death's assassinations. There is not living a man like him; but if the fate which overtook him should as suddenly overtake our other industrial and political chiefs, it would be the amputation of the genius of the country; and until, with time, a commensurate quantity of brains was produced, as a nation we would exist but in geography alone.

The story of Mr. Corbin's life has been too recently and exhaustively recited to need repetition here. He was of good stock, of New England ancestry, injured from boyhood not to hardships, but to plain living and high thinking, and he developed, convoluted, diverged into four or five different people in one. He was a lawyer, he was a banker, he was a promoter. He was a seer and he was a magician. Work was his relaxation. His holidays were triumphs. He had nerves of steel, a prodigious disdain for fatigue, and when you met him it was amazing to discover how simple a great man can be.

Early in life, before Horace Greeley had time to give any advice on the subject, he went West, settled in Davenport, Ia., and in 1863, when the National Banking and Currency Act became a law, at once made application for a charter. It was the first to reach Washington, and the bank which he presently opened was not only the first National Bank of Davenport, but in point of fact the first one in the United States. For ten years he made mortgage loans on Western and Southern farms. Throughout Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota and Montana whoever wanted money went to him. He developed the country, devolved the banking business, and, unsatisfied, came to New York. From his Wall Street office he developed Western railroads. Every detail had his personal attention. From developing countries and railroads he developed an executive ability and a capacity for work as rare as it was prodigious.

Twenty years ago the Long Island Railroad was little more than two streaks of rust and a right of way. It was bankrupt, it was disorganized, it was a curse to every one connected with it. Mr. Corbin took it in hand. In no time at all barren wastes became famous resorts. Coney Island at that time was one-half desert, the other half pandemonium. Presently you began to hear of Manhattan Beach and Gilmore; you began, too, to hear of Long Beach and Seidl. Long Island ceased to be remote, Coney Island began to be fashionable. In no time at all the first railway was flourishing and the other fully equipped.

But still he was unsatisfied; so, too, were the stockholders of Reading. That road with a property representing two hundred million dollars, with annual receipts of nearly one-fourth that amount, was on the edge of bankruptcy. There was no head, or rather there were too many. Everything went by sixes and sevens. Mr. Corbin took it in hand. What he accomplished every schoolboy knows.

In 1887 he was president of more railway corporations than Jay Gould. At the time of his death he was president of the Long Island Railroad, of the Elmira, Cortlandt and Northern, of the Manhattan Beach Company, of the Rockaway line, and of banks, insurance and trust companies galore. When he had nothing else to do he wrote for the magazines. A few months ago he took a party of friends and acquaintances to Montauk Point, showed them the harbor, and pointed over the way to where Europe is.

Champollion unveiled the past; Corbin unveiled the future.

The antithesis of Mr. Corbin was the Marquis de Mores—*O Tempora! O Mores!* as we used to call him in the old days when he was wooing and winning Medora von Hoffman. She was a raving, tearing beauty, and he was as good-looking a chap as you shall see for many a day. It didn't take him long to woo her—he won her out of hand, as you may say—and then carried her off to the West. It was more like an elopement than a marriage. But that was his way. He was always in a hurry where other people are leisurely, and always

leisurely where other people are in haste. For instance, in Miles City, Mont., one day he went to the bar of a hotel. The room was filled with cowboys. They all hated him. They hated him because he was a tenderfoot, because he was a foreigner, because he was a marquis, but particularly because he did not care a rap whether they hated him or not. Mores ordered a drink for himself, and for no one else. That was enough. A cowboy whipped out a pistol and fired at him. Mores finished his drink, ordered another, took it to a table and sat down. The bullet had just grazed his ear. Apparently he had not noticed it. As he was about to drink—and to drink alone—for the second time, another cowboy blazed straight at him. But that was too much. This time Mores pulled his own gun and dropped the cowboy in his tracks. He was indicted, tried and acquitted. Mores had gone out there to establish a chain of packing-houses. His idea was to locate a packing-house in every cattle country, buy up cattle, and then instead of shipping them to Chicago put them in cold storage and sell when the market was right. When the chain was complete Mores felt that he would control the market.

This is the way he went about it. In the valley of the Little Missouri he bought fifteen thousand acres, beginning at the border of the Bad Lands and running south beyond the Northern Pacific Railroad. This valley, the most beautiful spot in North Dakota, is a paradise. To the east and west are the tablelands. The slopes are covered with trees, and for six months in the year the valley is a garden in bloom. Here he built a town and christened it Medora. Soon it was the most thriving place in the Territory. Then he began to buy cattle. He got an offer of thirty thousand cheap. He closed with it. The cattle man, a Montana rancher, drove fifteen thousand into Medora, and up to the packing-house where they were counted. Then, instead of driving them into the corral, he drove them down the valley, through one of the defiles, around back of the town, through the other defile up to the packing-house again where they were counted once more. That was the way Mores bought cattle. That was the way he did everything. He had excellent ideas, but he could not carry them out. His best idea was his wife, and he carried her off. A little while ago he was inciting the Soudanese against England. A little later we heard that he had been killed. Perhaps he spread the rumor himself. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

The following is a true story; as it has not yet appeared in the papers it is as well not to mention names.

Mrs. So and So was a widow. She had two children, both girls, both young, both pretty. They had a large circle of friends; so had she. Though they did not belong to the Smart Set, they went in about as decent society as there is. Mr. So and So had left a handsome fortune, and his widow was more or less interconnected with a dozen families whose names are household words. Well, one day, to make a long story short, Mrs. So and So went out and did not return. Her daughters, fancying that she was passing the night at the home of some relative, did not worry. But on the morrow, when she did not appear, they began to be alarmed. Two days passed, a week, a month, and still no sign or tidings of their mother. It was as though the earth had swallowed her. One of them remembered to have read in some paper that now and again people become afflicted by a strange malady, one which batters suddenly on the victims, who lose not alone the consciousness of their own identity, but who lose, too, the physiognomy which they had. They become unrecognizable and incapable of claiming recognition. No one knows them, and they themselves don't know who they are. This malady, which, if infrequent, is real, is the explanation of many a mysterious disappearance. And the So and So girls, having no other theory to account for their mother's extraordinary conduct, were about to accept that when it occurred to them to make preliminary investigations. It was not impossible that their mother had met with some accident and had been taken to a hospital or to the Morgue. With a cousin for guide, they went to the police and made inquiries. The records were examined, and no one answering the description of Mrs. So and So had been run over by a cable car or knocked out by a bike. Then they offered a reward. Fully two months after Mrs. So and So disappeared they learned that, under an assumed name, she was doing time for shoplifting.

Thirty years ago one of the most prominent men in New York, one of the spoiled old men of fortune, disappeared in circumstances almost precisely analogous. The town was placarded with advertisements offering a thousand dollars for any information leading to his discovery, alive or dead. It is idle to revive a forgotten scandal, so I won't mention names; but this man, who was not only prominent socially, but prominent in ecclesiastic and financial circles as well, was found, not in prison, but drunk in a disreputable resort.

One of these days somebody with time and the police to help will turn out a very interesting document on the subject of Mysterious Disappearances.

Speaking of the police, at the parade last month I saw Inspector McCullagh, a type of the finest, dressed in his finest, dressed to the eyes in shimmering gold and imperial blue. Were there more like him, we would have been spared the sessions of the Lexow Committee and the revelations with which we were deluged then. For Inspector McCullagh is not only good-looking, in gold and blue, he is good as gold besides. Recently he has figured very prominently in the papers because of his connection with the Fleming case. Now that that trial is over, we are all so tired of it that I do not wish to more than touch on an issue which it raised, but which to my knowledge has not been elsewhere commented upon. You may remember that when Mrs. Fleming's mother died, the Coroner, as is usual in such circumstances, took the case in hand and incidentally Scheele with it. Hence all the muddle. The Coroner's office is a relic of medievalism. I don't say it ought to be abolished; but every one with the brain of a medium-sized rabbit is agreed that it ought to be refurbished and overhauled. Instead of a Coroner who is the law unto himself, and very often a very ignorant

and very stupid law at that, there should be a body corporate of physicians and surgeons of repute whose duty it would be to investigate any suspicious death, and who then, the circumstances warranting, could lay the facts before the District Attorney, who in turn could submit them to the Grand Jury. Such a course of procedure would result in many things. The money of the State, and by the same token that of the taxpayer, would not be wasted. The innocent would be acquitted with relative speed, and the conviction of the guilty more certain. The Coroner's office as it stands was all very well when New York was a village, but it is a back number in a complex civilization such as ours.

EDGAR SALTUS.

WHAT DO WE THINK OF THIS?

Preparations are already on foot for the International Socialist Congress, to be held in London next month. There is to be a dead set made, as we learn from recent cablegrams, to capture the trades-unionists and workmen of all kinds and degrees.

As in this country, however, the trades-unionists refuse to affiliate with the Socialists. They point with satisfaction to such institutions as the Cigarmakers' International Union, and assert that it does more good than all the windy utterances of the Socialists. The members of trades-unions as a rule are thoroughly practical men. They see the folly of labor attempting to dictate to every class in the community and hold their duty done when they have done the best for themselves for the immediate present. The trades-unions are really a business institution for enabling the man who has labor to sell to get the best price for it.

The Socialists are a different order of beings. Their platform is as wide as the world, and aims at such radical changes in the economic affairs of the human race as to startle old-fashioned thinkers. They want to change things from the very bottom up. For instance, the Fabian Society, which will be strongly represented at the Congress, will ask that it vote for the immediate nationalization and municipalization of everything in general, including "the manufacture and retailing of tobacco, alcoholic drinks, bread, coal supply, milk and other universal necessities."

What success the Socialists will meet with at the Congress in drawing in the trade-unionists remains to be proven, but judging from the opinion of T. A. Threlfall, recently given in the *Manchester Times*, the results can be almost anticipated. Mr. Threlfall in the course of a long article on the labor situation in England says:

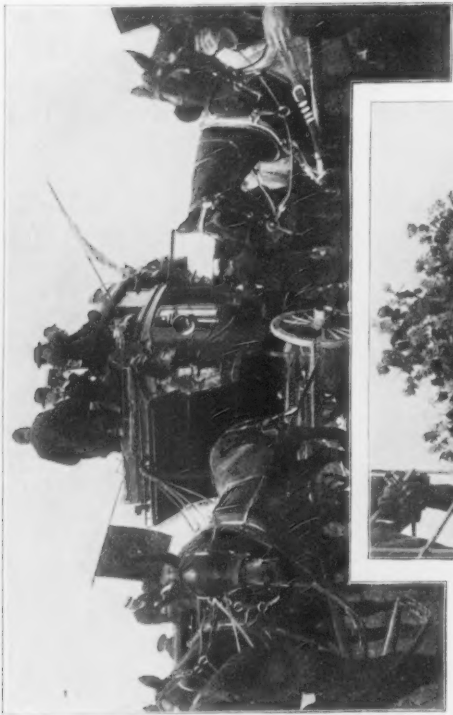
"It is abundantly evident that the Independent Labor movement is on the decline. The novelty has worn off; the eager spirits who hoped it was going to regenerate the world in a couple of years have been sadly disappointed, and are looking further afield for a new weapon; while such thoughtful workmen who imagined it might really be an effective means to elevate Labor have been compelled to admit that an Iconoclastic Labor policy is foredoomed to failure. It may no doubt be entertaining to smash both Liberal and Tory, and to play havoc with every section which does not agree with the latest apostles, but sensible men naturally ask, 'What is Labor going to gain by a policy of wreckage?' It reminds one of the occasional vagaries of Chinese beggars, who have been known, when refused help by a householder of the Celestial land, to commit suicide on his doorstep. Of course, it makes things very uncomfortable for the householder, but that doesn't bring the eccentric beggar back to life. However advanced genuine British trades-unionists may be, they have no wish to bring the organized labor of this country into the unenviable position that, say, German Socialism holds; viz., that of a hobby-horse and a football for every erratic politician who quarrels with the party he has hitherto been identified with, and is anxious for a cover from which to fire upon his erstwhile friends. The Socialist party in the German Reichstag consists almost wholly of lawyers, journalists, manufacturers, landowners, and nearly every class but workmen. Whether it is desirable or not to have a duplicate of such a party in our House of Commons is a question I don't pretend to discuss just now; but the Labor electors are too wide awake to elect as Labor candidates men who never did a day's manual work in their lives. These people are endeavoring to palm Socialism upon the people under false pretenses. Socialism and Labor—Labor as understood in this country, and as indorsed by the organized trades of this country—are entirely different things. The first is theory, the second experience. One is at the best but an untried experiment, the other is an absolute fact, burning into the lives of the people every day. In a word, Socialism is a coat of opinion which may fit the millionaire and the peasant; but Labor representation is the corduroy jacket of experience, to be worn by the bona-fide workmen."

AN ANCIENT FEED CLUB.

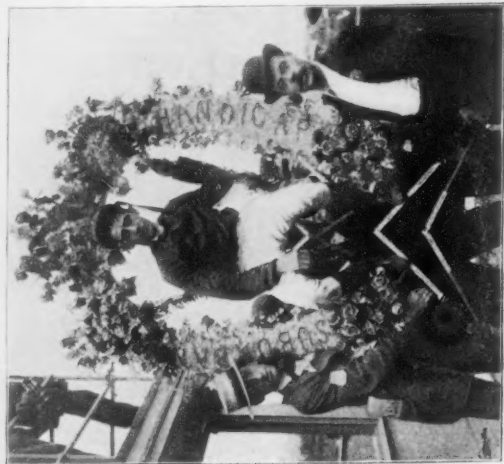
It is well to note that the famous Hoboken Turtle Club is not only still in existence but that it is flourishing. The centennial anniversary of the club was held at Kingsbridge last week, between three and four hundred members being present. The Turtle Club was started by George Washington, Aaron Burr and a number of other young bloods of the time, who had epicurean tastes. Legend says that the first dinner given by the club was on the Hoboken marshes, where the young men caught and cooked their own turtles and enjoyed an al fresco dinner afterward. The Turtle Club is one of the few purely gastronomic institutions of the country.

TURKISH IGNORANCE.

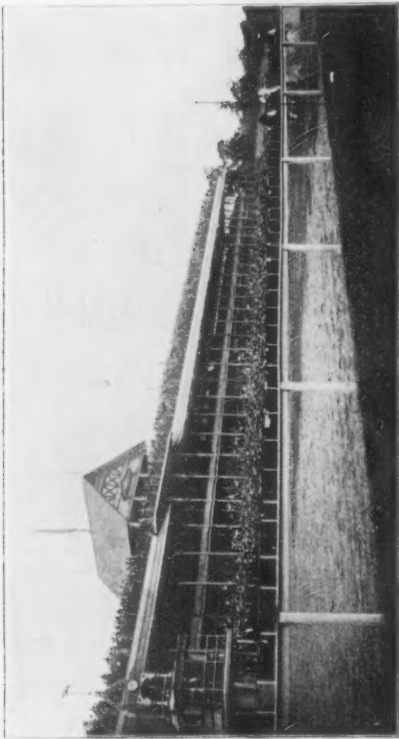
"Perhaps there is nothing so clearly explains the intense ignorance of the Turks," says *Current Literature*, "as the fact that the censors of Turkey prohibit the importation of all educational books, this state of affairs being brought about by the discovery in one book of the formula H₂O, which the wise men of the Court interpreted to mean: 'Hamid II. is naught—a cypher—a nobody.'"



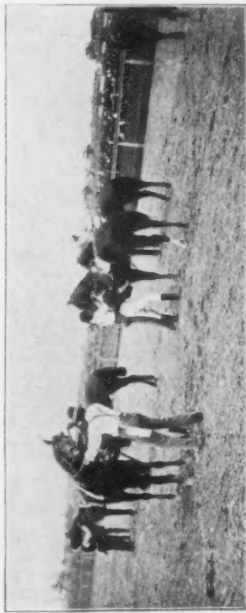
IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND



CRAFTIN THE WINNING JOCKEY



THE GRAND STAND



SADDLING



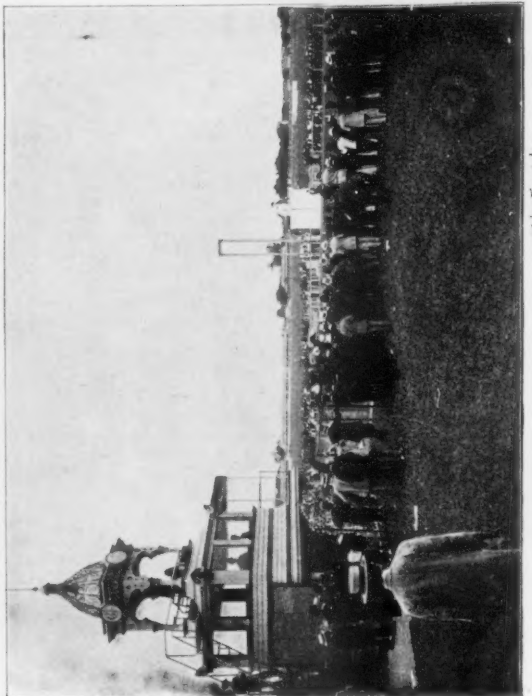
SOME WINNERS
THE BROOKLYN SUBURBAN HANDICAP.



CALLING OUT THE HORSES



STARTING



THE FINISH

THE ENGLISH DERRY.—VICTORY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HORSE PERSIMMON.

1. His Royal Highness leading the winner into the enclosure after the race.

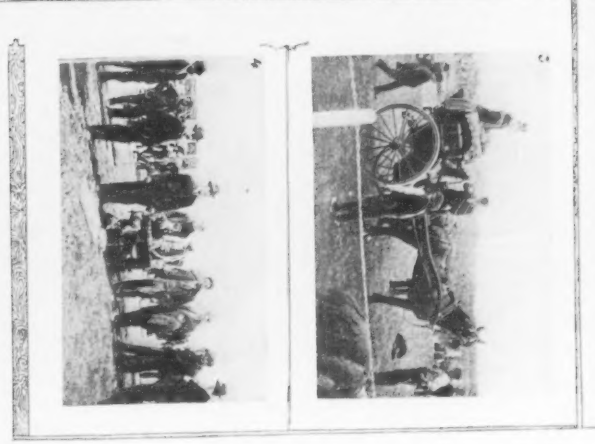
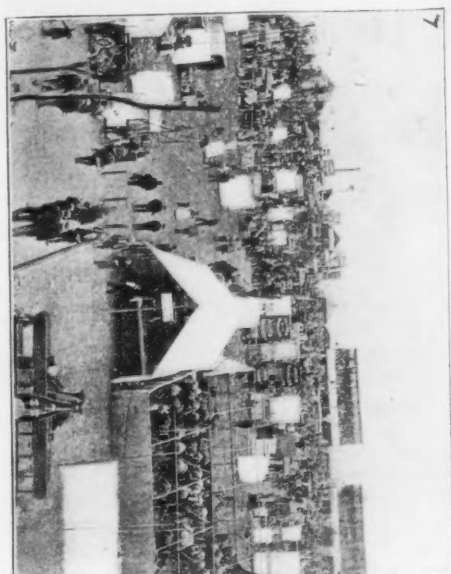
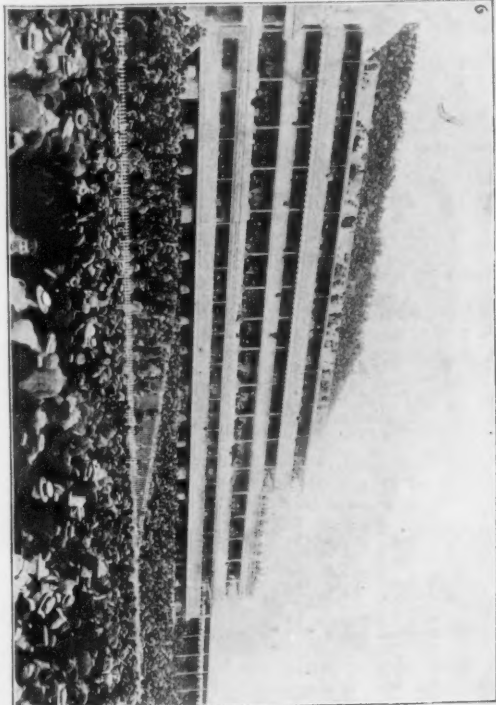
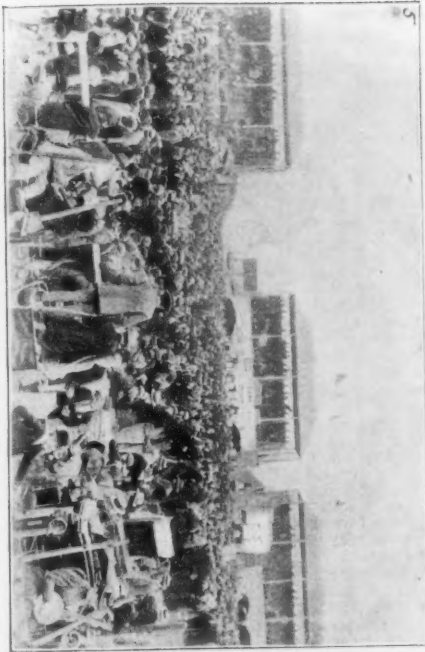
2. Finish of the race.

3. A late arrival.

4. Musicians.

5. Between the races.

6. The grand stand.



HAVING FUN WITH THE PRESS.

THE news spread in newspaper circles Sunday, May 26—a rather dull Sabbath, too, for this time of year—and Monday's papers gave the particulars of the case. He was detained at Ellis Island, because the alleged shilling, all he had in the world, was not a genuine coin, and would not be enough to remain in this land of plutocratic freedom, even if it were. He had come over in the steerage of the "Paris" from Southampton. He gave his name as the Hon. Francis Guest Clarke Percival, twenty-one years, and claimed to be the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Caermarthen, then, of Hadley Hall, near Cardiff, Wales.

He told a regulation story. The Earl, his father, had married the family cook, after Francis's mother died, and presumably without that young man's sanction. Then he had words with the "governor." There was a scene. The eldest son and heir took refuge in Lannon, ran down to Southampton and headed for the "States," as a Guest of the steerage. A well-born young Briton named Harry Davenne was his companion of the voyage, no doubt in the capacity of half-friend, half-valet—a sort of aristocratic reproduction of the Martin Chuzzlewit—Mark Tapley nonsense that Dickens invented on his voyage to this country many years ago.

But this curious old story did not go down, with the New York press. Sharp-eyed experts had the Caermarthen and the Percivals and the rest of them hunted up in the "Peerages," before the Hon. Francis Guest realized that he had not been talking to the marines. And the young man at Ellis Island had cold water thrown upon his pedigree by subjects of the Queen now resident in New York, who knew he was a pretender without consulting the "Peerages." But with true journalistic impartiality, the local reporters gave his side, as well as the showing of the official records of nobility and the positive statements by English colonists, that the thing was impossible; and between the two sides we got a dull enough story for a dull Monday.

The case is not closed, however. Speculation and the weighing of probabilities and other pleasant forms of inquiry are not barred. Who is the young man, anyhow? Never mind the "Peerages," or the colonists, for the present. The young steerage passenger claims that his father was made an Earl in 1891, for distinguished services and because he was largely interested in the tin and iron mines of Wales. Perhaps the old Earl is taking care of his iron—and of his tin; and that is why the heir is trying to break into New York without a cent. That may also explain the "governor's" choice of a step-mother for his children.

Then, again, how can we expect a man who has managed mines all his life to do anything but flounder for a few years in the dizzy swim of the English nobility? What more natural than that his name should be omitted in the "Peerages"? A rather pleasant arrangement all round. I should say: Let the "governor" think he is an Earl for a while; and if he makes a bad break—such as marrying the cook or sending his boy to the "States"—to hustle for himself a while—then all will be glad his name was omitted and the colonists here need not pretend to know him. This is all mere hypothesis, of course; but if the young man's claim turns out to be based on fact and accurate details as to spelling and pronunciation of Welsh nomenclature, this theory will come close to the mark, as you shall see. It will be a case of an Earl, sprung from the mines and waiting for the period of probation to end. If I were the son of such an Earl—well, I would tell the whole truth about it to New York reporters anyhow, for they will find it in spite of one.

The frequent elevation to the handled name of brewers and other industrial chieftains in Great Britain may lead to just such manifestations as this. The habits of one of these hard-headed and hard-fisted old fellows cannot be changed radically by a few years of the Peerage or anything else. Supposing that this young man did not fancy the cook for a step-mother, and that he quarreled with the "governor" and talked about foreign travel to hide his newly tarnished family escutcheon—would the owner of vast mines wait one minute before giving his heir money enough to make the voyage? Certainly not—and Hon. Francis Guest would probably get about thirty-five pounds. Then he would go to Lannon. There go broke. But he knew the "governor" well enough not to send for more, until he landed in the "States." Men who can control vast industrial interests in Great Britain are of very firm mold, as is well known. It is not likely they will, even in the Peerage, raise many spendthrift sons. Thus it happens that, as one more carefully economical scion

of the British nobility, the Hon. Francis Guest will land in New York—if he lands at all.

Perhaps the young man is traveling absolutely incoherent, and is really not of the nobility at all. The patient investigations of a watchful press seem to point in that direction. If he has no money, and little baggage or "luggage," and if no friend meets him at Ellis Island to guarantee that he will not become a public charge; if he is a criminal or an adventurer, or belongs to any of the classes specifically barred out by the statute and often let in despite the bars—then he cannot land, for he is in the toils and will be returned by the same steamship company that brought him here. But, if he is simply romancing and penniless—and not a bad character—it were a pity to send him back. He is young, good-looking, with a frank, boyish face and a blonde mustache. With the proper training what a splendid "fake" story he could furnish implicating in a harmless way some of the quality on both sides of the Atlantic, so that denials and explanations could keep us all busy guessing for a few months this summer. Supposing that he is really a plebeian, he must have thought many a time on the voyage about ways and means, and his first impulse—to draw attention by his claim to nobility—was not a bad reading of the times over here—for a youngster.

I do not believe that the average resident of the Metropolitan District attaches excessive importance to the coming or the going of a nobleman, and I am sure the Average American citizen throughout the Union does not; but the "upper classes" everywhere and from everywhere attract attention always, when they announce themselves, and, as in this case, the announcement need not be gospel truth either. Young Francis Guest, or whatever his right name is, has shown this to be a fact. He has been read about more fully than many a distinguished foreign visitor and returning notable who occupied the cabin of the "Paris."

Weary Willie and Expedient Eddy cannot work this game on the Prairies or in the Back Townships; but here at Ellis Island, among the picturesque steerage groups, the alleged son of a Peer gets a chance to notify good-hearted fellow-countrymen in New York that a fellow-Briton is down and penniless and likely to be sent back. The metropolitan population grow accustomed to note the arrivals and departures of alleged and real nobility, and the young man whose pretensions aimed as high up as an Earldom became a matter of news, with developments later.

These developments I have detained for the fall of the curtain; but they, no more than the son-of-an-Earl preliminary, are to be taken without a large grain of York State salt. The aspiring young man finally confessed that he was Frank Clarke, son of a Cardiff baker. He said he gave out the first story to have fun with American reporters. He thought to would land, go to a first-class hotel, call in the press, run up a bill, send for fake remittances, and have a good time generally. Speaking as an impartial chronicler of events, the fact that the baker-Earl's son did not carry out the scheme leaves the fun slightly at his own expense—a fact that should caution all young men against laying fun with the untrammelled and hard-working reporters. And now, in conclusion, is this young man Frank Clarke, or a real Earl out for a bit of a time?

EVILS OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

TO THE EDITOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY":

ALTHOUGH a Westerner, in a short time since, had the temerity to write a book called "Rum is Right," and to champion the cause of that much-abused article, you will have to go quite a distance among ordinary men to find one willing to take up the cudgels for the saloon even if he be a regular patron of it. We have become so accustomed to hearing the rum shop condemned as an unpolluted evil that many have agreed to think of it as a dangerous thing and to consider it in the light of forbidden fruit. It is claimed that so many thousands of people are ruined yearly through its influence, and we mutely accept the statement as being in all probability undeniable, sniff apologetically, and—take another drink.

But who ever thought of saying such hard things of a dry goods store or suggesting that thousands of men were ruined yearly by the fascinating but deadly bargain-counter? Surely it must be a crank that would suggest such a remark seriously, and such a statement could be made only in jest. That is the first hurried impression of such an idea, but is it so? Has not the fatal lure of that Monday or Saturday bargain day plunged many a man into hopeless bankruptcy or

compelled him to do things which brought him to a felon's cell? Statistics of such a state of things would be difficult to produce. A woman who has a passion for spending the earnings of her husband on a thousand needless things, because they are cheap, does not proclaim her misdeeds as does the besotted being, who, saturated with rum, advertises his disgrace to the world. Hers is an insidious and invisible disease, eating at the vitals of the family treasury, unsuspected and unknown, but nevertheless sapping the foundations of its credit and finally crippling it entirely. The husband as a rule knows little of the purchasing power of money and is entirely in the hands of his female partner, who can easily, when she wishes, deceive him as to the cost of things absolutely necessary for living and cover up the leakage which the bargain-counter is making in the family funds. This is why the bargain-counter is so totally, horribly, unmitigatedly fatal. It is the devil's potion of the witchcraft of commerce—an octopus whose tentacles have wound themselves with an unyielding grip around its victims, possessing a tenacity as deadly and as dangerous as the grasp of the so-called Demon Rum.

The bargain-counter is an evolution of the Department Store, an institution which we have copied, as we have copied many other unnecessary evils, from our European contemporaries, and which "growing" on our free soil, "as ill weeds do, apace," is fast enacting the role of the fabled upstart to local commerce. Sending its roots down and around, and towering with its gigantic branches above, it sucks up all the goodness of the soil and atmosphere, leaving the lesser plants in its vicinity to perish. Its path of progress toward the sky, marked generally by the addition each year of another story to the building it occupies, is strewn with the wrecks of hundreds of independent and legitimate enterprises which, crushed beneath its juggernaut wheels, discover too late that the huge monopoly is too much for them and that they must buy from, sell to or co-operate in some way with it or else find another field for themselves.

But has this institution no excuse for existence other than its utility, or what not, that has caused it to gain such a vantage-ground in our midst? Is it not an economic blessing? Are we not clothed and supplied cheaper by its existence? Is it not really an instance of the survival of the fittest—a development of the system of supply benefiting the million by its wonderful resources and conveniences? Else why is it so popular and universally patronized? But is not the almost unutterably and inexpressibly bad rum shop popular? Is it not also well patronized, and are they not also both elected by universal suffrage to their present position of popularity?

The question is, "Does the Department Store subvert the interests of the public as well as the old system of every man to his last and a business devoted independently to each separate line of goods? Is it an improved system of distribution by which, with the aid of modern machinery, money can be saved to the consumer and additional convenience afforded, or is it simply an aggrandizing scheme, advancing no interests but those of a Wanamaker bent upon piling up millions to assist in his own personal glorification? Again, is it organized in conformity with democratic principles and decentralization ideas, or is it another of those monopolistic monstrosities which are tending to transform this country into one of the most remarkable oligarchies that ever existed, which are undermining the principles enunciated by the founders of the Republic and reducing the masses of the people to a condition of serfdom and dependence differing but in name from that of the plebeians and bondsmen of ancient Rome? Vainly may the Statue of Liberty stand sentinel at the gates of the New World if her eyes are blinded by the hypnotism of ambitious knaves who use her very name to conjure with and deceive in their specious arguments.

There is this difference between a factory and a Department Store: machinery is employed in the latter, but not in the former. A single individual performs all the work of attending to the wants of a customer with the exception of some unimportant and trifling details, such as tying up a package or receipting a bill. In a factory subdivision of labor is actually essential and a certain extent of plant and aggregation of labor is indispensable to the best results. This is an important point to be borne in mind during the consideration of the question which we have in hand. It is a question of principles, not men; morals, not morality.

The question is, to restate it, Is the Department Store a desirable institution and preferable to what it has superseded? Does it maintain its influence and prestige by fair or unfair means? In short, is it a result of modern progress and improvement, or is it a commercial abortion

detrimental to the majority of the community's interests?

The field to be covered in discussing this question is so large that it will take a number of articles to exhaust it, and as the WEEKLY is not a member of the subsidized press of this city, which is prohibited from a free discussion of the merits of the case by business interests, a thorough examination of the matter, which is one of considerable interest and importance to the community, may be expected. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let justice be done if the heavens (or even the dry goods palaces) fall. There are two classes of people more vitally interested in this matter than others—those who sell to and those who buy of the Department Store. The most important of these is, by far, the purchaser. Let us take the purchaser's side of the case. The first consideration to the purchaser is price. Can the Department Store sell cheaper than its individual competitor? Secondly, is the attention and courtesy extended to the purchaser greater in the department than in the individual store? Last, is the assortment of goods shown likely to be as large and the quality as well sustained?

To all these questions the writer answers an emphatic "No." The Department Store gives inferior quality, inferior attention, inferior variety, and yet charges more for it, too. The Department Store is, in fact, a freak, a distortion, a perversion of legitimate business conducted on the principles that have led to its success in New York during the past ten years. It has come up, engineered by able financiers and clever advertisers, and is to-day holding its position by bluff, falsehood and fraud. But the public is capricious. It may turn tomorrow from what is its pet toy to-day, and the palaces of Aladdin may change to spectral ruins, Alhambras of past glory, folly and unprofitableness because ignored as once they were patronized by fashion's votaries. It requires only concentration of purpose and individual effort by the believers in the special store system to oust this monopolistic fraud from the scene and put in its place a substitute for this nonsensical jack-of-all-trades arrangement which shall supply the wants of the public in a far better manner than the Department Store has ever done, and with this decline of the freak store will come the day of judgment to the freak newspaper. Inflated no longer by pages of ridiculous puffing of worthless articles, advertised at "half-cost" invariably, and supported no longer by the money of these bogus concerns, the clumsy, illiterate, vulgar and bloated Sunday paper, three-quarters of which is useless verbiage and meaningless rot, will have to go, and journalism will once more be placed on a footing where it can stand independent of Wanamakerism, in which position it will be able to do its duty to the public simply and efficiently, inspired by some nobler mission than the glorification of the dry goods business.

Next week we will give some interesting facts and figures in connection with this subject from the point of view of the Department Store.

THE DRINK CURE.

Dr. Isaac Oppenheimer has induced the authorities at Bellevue Hospital to allow him to test the merits of a new drink cure. One of the patients upon whom the new Keeley practiced died six hours after taking it, and thereby proved the efficacy of the new treatment so far as the stoppage of drinking was concerned. An unvarnished statement of the deaths and general results of these liquor cure establishments would probably lead to a great change in public opinion.

A SOCIAL EVENT.

Now we are to have an auction sale of Mrs. Coleman Drayton's dresses, household furniture, and other odds and ends. Mrs. Drayton states that the sale is intended to relieve her of all mementoes of an unpleasant marriage. The public, which has suffered so much in hearing of all these matrimonial infelicities, can doubtless stand this final wash-up if the reporters on the daily press will keep out of the province of the kitchen-maids and chiffoniers.

MAY CLOSE THE ASYLUMS.

The fates of Oscar Heilmann and Mathilda Heinze, who are to be beheaded in Passau at an early date, should serve as a useful lesson to a certain class of Europeans. The couple ran away from Germany to this country after murdering Mathilda's husband, and thought themselves, like many another wrongdoer who has hidden here, safe from the pursuit of justice. They were found, however, returned to Germany, and will now pay the price for their wrongdoing by going together to the guillotine.

LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

ACCORDING to Sir Walter Scott,

"A summer night in greenwood spent,
Is but to-morrow's merriment."

No doubt a true maxim among the gay gallants sure of a good breakfast, and, like Mr. Thackeray's butler, "all their meals regular."

But a summer night spent on a bench in Union Square, with only one cent in a man's pocket, is no way mirthful, especially when he sees no immediate chance of employment and only that one cent to fortify the inner cravings of our fallen nature. After many hours of slumber beneath the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale, and with all its bright spangles, our hero awoke shivering, for it was the hour before dawn—the time when, according to all statistics, life is at the lowest ebb, the fatal hour physicians and nurses dread so much, when the long-languishing patient wings his flight to a better world. A full-grown man, with no physical disease, athletic and muscular, with life before him, youth, health and strength in the present, should rejoice at the dawn of another day—a fresh chance for something attempted, something won. Only, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century nothing can be either attempted or won without the possession of coin. Is it not humiliating to think that without the aid of this meretricious agent one is handicapped, landlocked, at a standstill? For its trivial possession men and women are ready to sacrifice all the world holds dear and their hopes for the future. Amid such meditations as these our hero arose from the bench, stiff from the night air, and with a strange, confused feeling. Was it possible he had come to this—one cent!—and then—

The thought was maddening, and as he was a man who had read a great deal, his thoughts reverted to the Dark Ages, which seemed wonderfully brilliant and enlightened in the matter of universal hospitality, compared with our *fin de siècle* rules and regulations for the government of the classes and the masses. Here around him on all sides were gigantic buildings, stately homes, wealth and splendor such as the Middle Ages never dreamed of, only in those distant days a warm feeling of kindred and clanship prevailed, which has evaporated in the fierce light of electricity and the daily strife for superfluous wealth and immeasurable riches. It's the pace that kills, we are living. Here were the cable cars flying past with the utmost velocity, a line of cabs and hansom placed within call, wherein the drivers had slept the sleep of the just, since depositing their last fare sometime after midnight, and here was he, a young man, just tottering on his feet from hunger, with a dazed, hunted expression and a bewildered air, uncertain whether to go forth from the hospitable bench in Union Square, in search of what he knew by a week's experience to be fruitless—clerical or literary work—or whether to remain and calmly await the end of all his troubles—death! Only one can't die when one likes, and life is very real and earnest. Hunger takes a long time to kill, and after all we know not what a day may bring forth, so he plucked up courage and soon found himself crossing Lexington Avenue, when "the pavement rose up and smote him." He remembered nothing more. How long he remained unconscious he could not tell, when at length he felt a sensation of being lifted up and carried down some steps, and finally laid to rest.

He awoke to find kind faces around him, with a look of divine compassion, which went straight to his heart. Tears welled into his eyes, the first he had shed since the days when a stick of candy was the most to be desired of sublimity things, and a five-cent popgun meant the conquest of the world.

The first sign of recognition so eagerly watched for having come, with the opening of the eyes, he is again lifted from the floor and placed in an American rocking-chair, whence he looks around, and finds himself in a neat kitchen, with the stove already lighted and the kettle singing songs of family glee. A discreet silence is maintained by the bystanders, a comfortable-looking pair, their faces beaming with the milk of human kindness. A cup of tea—that most comforting of beverages—is placed to his lips, for when did a woman ever forget it was the solace for most nervous ailments? A second cup of tea and a hot buttered cake unloosed his tongue, and he spoke, uttering his thanks for the generous treatment of which he was the recipient. This was quickly silenced by expressions of "You're welcome to the best we have," and others of a like sentiment.

His history was briefly told, and elicited much sympathy, but as yet no suggestion was vouchsafed by the worthy couple as

to what the stranger could turn his hand to. But further conversation revealed that, though a scholar who had seen better days, their guest professed himself ready to do anything that first offered for a living.

This left a wide field for conjecture. Within the immediate environs there were restaurants for all nations—boarding-houses, boarding stables and boarding kennels, where all, even the dumb beasts, were equally well cared for.

The scales fell from the eyes of our hero as he listened. For the last week he had been looking for a clerkship, in vain; but the thought of looking for anything else, in a different walk of life, had never occurred to him. One lives to learn.

As he had come from a great horse-raising district, he proffered for the boarding stables. Horses had ever been his admiration, and once upon a time he had gone some way in the study of veterinary surgery. Lack of perseverance had been his stumbling-block to success, and improvidence, forgetful recklessness to save something for a rainy day. He had had a lesson within the last week. He intended to profit by it, so as soon as six o'clock struck he set out, accompanied by his host, for a very good establishment some blocks away.

At first his work was of the humblest, but he gradually got into it, and higher in position, as time went on. It is pretty hard work to groom a horse; a man must have strong muscles, and be well accustomed to it; but it had its compensation. An early morning ride in Central Park, to take the first wild freshness out of a fiery steed, whose owner was absent on foreign travel, was far more exhilarating than being lashed to the helm of a bookkeeper's desk all day long.

The kitchen where he had awakened to consciousness was in the basement of a mansion, now shut up, during the summer months, and left in charge of the worthy couple who so benevolently came to the rescue, at such a critical moment. The policeman on beat and the husband had been the means of transporting the inanimate form from the pavement to the comfortable quarters we have seen. And the wife was the ministering angel, who made the creature comforts which restored suspended circulation.

Our hero's first wages at the stable was a heaven-sent deliverance. His watch and other valuables again appeared, after a temporary absence, and as soon as the last steed was comfortably housed for the night he set out for a walk, going to visit the worthy pair who had befriended him. Occasionally he strolled into the library of the Cooper Union, and here it was impossible not to admit that every inducement was given for self-improvement. Books, papers, magazines on every subject were to be had for the asking. In former times he had lost many an opportunity for advancement. Idleness had been his besetting sin; now he would work. He did work. By a systematic study he got to learn more and more about horses, their ailments and the remedies and to be applied. This he followed with success.

One remembers the history of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the eminent English poet who was "of imagination all compact." His debts at Cambridge drove him to enlist as a private in the Dragoons. The Latin inscription he chalked in the stable as he groomed his master's horse and his own attracted the officer's attention. Explanations followed; the raw recruit was a man of learning. This was the turning-point in the career of the *soi-disant* soldier. "What great events from little causes spring," says the old adage. It was to be verified once more in the case of our hero. Now the owner of the stables near Central Park discovered one day that his head groom, although not quite a Coleridge, had had a liberal education, and was improving his mind by extensive reading. This led to explanations, and on finding the bent of our hero's mind, and his turn for veterinary surgery, a thought occurred to the proprietor.

Here was a man who could work with his head and hands; why not give him a chance? And if he proved efficient and clever it would be a mutual advantage. It would be more convenient and less expensive to have a man on the spot, who understood the treatment of horses, rather than to have to go a long journey, often in vain, in search of a qualified practitioner.

So the deed was done; a mutual understanding was arrived at; the incipient vet was to be allowed time to study, and take out the necessary degrees. He succeeded, got his diploma, put a brass plate on the office adjoining the stables, and the result was more than satisfactory.

America is a land of immense possibilities. If trade begins to grow dull in the East, a man need but order his sails and be off to the West. Although the West or East, as the case may be, will not at first prove to be an El Dorado, still there

are ten chances for success in the grand new country to every one chance in the well-beaten tracks of the Old World. With steady employment and good pay, the remembrance of the summer night in Union Square faded gradually from his memory. But never did he forget the faithful friends who had stood by him at so critical a moment. His early days at the stables left room for improvement, which came in due time. He had found his vocation at last.

A native-born American's ideas are vast as the continent of his birth. His broad glance takes in the whole extent of the universe. If his country can supply the world with wheat, fruits, cattle and cotton, why not thoroughbred horses, too? To think is but to act, and a trip across the Atlantic is merely the crossing of a ferry. So it came to pass our hero landed in London one fine day in early spring, having crossed over in the "Columbia," of the Atlantic Steamship Company, direct from New York to the port of London. A pair of superb chestnut horses arrived on the same ship. This was his first pioneer trip for the English market. After a week's rest, to recover the fatigue of the voyage, the chestnuts were led up to Tattersall's Knightsbridge on a Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday, when church parade and the Mess Lunch had gone glimmering in the light of things that were, the colonel of the First Life Guards stepped across from the barracks opposite "to have a look round" before Monday's sale. He made a note of the chestnuts, and next morning, when they were trotted out for the admiration of all beholders, a buzz of astonishment went whispering round the inner circle where the talent and their patrons "most do congregate." The bidding was phenomenal, and at last the pair were knocked down, at a fancy price, to the gallant Guardsman.

The return journey from Southampton in the "New York" was one of those respites granted to one occasionally in this vale of tears. In this manner was the foundation laid for an extensive trade which continues to the present day.

RAPID TRANSIT WAITS.

Like all patriotic citizens we are deeply interested in the cause of rapid transit in New York. We have suffered our pet corns to be trampled on in "L" cars and even moved out to New Jersey to avoid the brutal rushes for seats at the various termini of the "L" systems; but still we hope to see some chance given New York to spread herself other than eastward across the Brooklyn Bridge.

When we see a Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners appointed by the city of New York made the unwilling tools of such men as Gould and Sage, however, we are prone to wish that the question of rapid transit be dropped till a more convenient season. Not another drop of blood should this sordid corporation have from New York's long-suffering millions, when they refuse such reasonable propositions as that of Mr. Starin. Not content with a thirty-year mortgage on the pocketbooks of traveling New Yorkers, Mr. Sage—eh, now? Then let us wait for new legislation and an underground road to be built by the city.

ANOTHER TAILOR'S STRIKE.

Another tailor's strike is threatened and tales are already rife of suffering among the poor Jewish families on the East Side. The fierce competition for work which exists in this branch of business makes it possible for the clothing contractors to violate agreements and play hooky with their help generally. The election of a Republican President, pledged to that plank in the platform calling for a restriction of immigration, will do much to mitigate this and other labor evils.

The brutal but exact law of supply and demand is a principle of political science which no one can ignore, and patchwork legislation in a hundred different directions, for ameliorating the condition of the working people, is as nothing compared to his fundamental remedy. Our lawmakers have too long been satisfied with stopping the spigot and neglecting the bung-hole. The interests of the plain people of this country should be considered, first, last and all the time by our politicians.

ANOTHER TELEPHONE "RIVAL."

The price for telephone service in New York City and its vicinity is so absurdly high that instead of every home of any pretension to comfort being fitted with one of these necessary adjuncts only business people as a rule can afford to use them. The service has been for years in the hands of a monopoly, known as the Metropolitan Telephone Company, a money-coin machine whose object has been to make huge profits rather than to popularize the use of the telephone.

A new company, with a capital of sixteen million dollars, to operate in New

York and New Jersey, is announced and the suffering public doubtless sees hope in the thought that competition may cheapen prices. Let them not be led astray by such vain imaginings, however. The Metropolitan Company has long foreseen that some powerful rival would one day step in and want a share of the business of the metropolis.

Judging from the names of the stockholders there is reason to assume that the Metropolitan people have taken time by the forelock and headed off competition by starting a rival concern of their own. At any rate the new people will not be in any way inimical to the old ones, unless there happen subsequently to be family disturbances.

A REFORMED SYNDICATE.

The release of "Hungry Joe," the well-known bunco-steerer, from the Maryland Penitentiary, last week, will necessarily fill the rustic heart with apprehension. "Joe" declares, however, that he has reformed for good, and that the ways which are dark and the tricks which are vain will be forever forgotten by him. Joe claims that he will settle down to the profession of bookmaking and lead a respectable life. Probably he is discouraged by the turn affairs have taken in his old line and feels himself to be somewhat *passé*. The operations of the Government Bond Syndicate have probably unnerved and disgusted him with the small maneuvers which only serve to put a man behind prison bars.

THE TAILOR IN ART.

"You may look at pictures from many points of view," says the London *World*, "and so the Tailor and Cutter has been viewing the Academy through the eyes of the tailor. It seems that artists have unaccountably neglected to pass through an apprenticeship on the 'board,' and consequently make the most terrible mistakes when they come to paint a frock-coat. Mr. Chamberlain's portrait has been much admired. But the Tailor and Cutter laughs at it. For the Colonial Secretary stands facing his admirers with a button short of the prescribed number. In other respects, too, Mr. Chamberlain's coat offends the eye of the skillful cutter. Is this the fault of the artist; or is it, perchance, the fault of Mr. Chamberlain's tailor? In future you will do wisely not to have your portrait exhibited until it has been 'passed' by your tailor."

EIGHT CENTURIES OLD.

In our extreme youth this side of the Atlantic anything with the flavor of antiquity has an interest for us. For this reason a coming celebration in England is worthy of note. The eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Norwich Cathedral is to be held in honor by a series of services and ceremonies, beginning on July 1 with a choral celebration of the Holy Communion. Later in the day a solemn service will be attended by a number of Bishops and by the municipal authorities of the city, and the sermon is to be preached by the Irish Primate. Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" will be given by a large choir and orchestra in the Cathedral on the following day.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND AGRICULTURE.

"There is, perhaps, no sound reason," says the London *Graphic*, "why B.A. should not stand for Bachelor of Agriculture as well as Bachelor of Arts. But in offering to found an agricultural lectureship of twenty-five pounds per annum in the University of Cambridge Sir Walter Gilbey may be assumed to aim at no such thing as an agricultural tripos. Rather, he would encourage the sons of landed gentlemen who are already 'up' at Cambridge to add attendance at agricultural lectures to those with which they are already possibly excessively overburdened. The Senate has accepted the gift, and the establishment of a Gilbey Agricultural Lectureship may be regarded as among the events which will mark the Michaelmas term."

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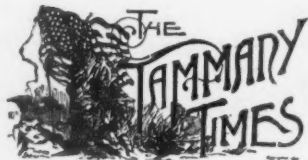
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In the April Number were

- "THE TREASURES OF SAN ANTONIO," by F. Russell (a serial). An exciting story of adventure in search of buried treasure (fully illustrated).
- "ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African king who liked to eat ants.
- "THE YOUNG WANDERERS," an illustrated story about a brother and sister who got lost.
- "A REVERIE," a poem, illustrated.
- "A BIRD'S CRADLE," all about the nests of different birds.
- "OLD CUSTOMS," St. Valentine's Day. One of a series of old-time customs, illustrated.
- "FINISHING TOUCHES," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE STORY OF NELSON."
- "PUZZLES FOR WISE HEADS."
- "POPULAR PLACES OF RESORT," illustrated.
- "LEFT IN CHARGE," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE CAPE RATER," an exciting adventure with this beast in Africa, illustrated.
- "THE WAY TO BE HAPPY," a poem.
- "THE LILY OF THE VALLEY," an interesting bit of natural history, illustrated.
- "YOUNGSTERS IN 'POPULAR TALKS,'" one of a series.
- "THE SWALLOW," natural history.
- "THE TEN POUND NOTE," a tale with a moral.
- "THE FLINT, STEEL, AND TINDER," a fable.
- "THE FAITHFUL DOGS," a story about two dogs who saved a little girl from a poisonous snake.

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